THE

LETTERS

OF

SIMPKIN THE SECOND,

POETIC RECORDER, OF ALL THE

PROCEEDINGS,

UPON THE TRIAL, OF

WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

I—— curre per Alpes,
Ut PUERIS *placeas et* DECLAMATIO *fias!*

JUVENAL.

Enlighten'd Statesman! go through Toil, and Strife,
And for thy Country's Good, embroil thy Life.
Go—*mighty Warrior!*—wide and wider roam,
To come at length, and be abus'd at home. ANON.

N. B. These LETTERS were originally published in the WORLD, where they will be continued next year, and are now re-published and corrected by their Author, with Ten Additional Letters, which include the whole Impeachment, from its commencement in February 1788, to the close of the Proceedings in this year.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

HONOURABLE, AND RIGHT HONOURABLE,

MANAGERS OF THE IMPEACHMENT,

OF

WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

YE far-fam'd Heroes! greatest, best of Men,
Accept this Tribute, from your Poet's pen,
For gratitude alone inspires his lays,
And bids him sing each hardy Leader's praise.
Never did Warriors, *such a battle wage*,
In strife *so desperate*, ne'er did Chiefs engage.

What godlike qualities have all diſplay'd!!
The Knights of MALTA in a new cruſade!!!

But thou, great EDMUND! *whoſe enlighten'd breaſt,*
Glows with Philanthropy, above the reſt,
Whoſe endleſs labour, in an Empire's cauſe,
Claims *what it ne'er receiv'd*, the World's applauſe.*
In future ages thy illuſtrious Name,
Shall rival Cato's, in the fields of fame.
But ſay, ſhall he, who does each day devote,
To ſerve whole Nations, poliſh'd †, tho' remote,
From ſenſeleſs Britons, find no preſent meed?
What's *future* praiſe, for ſuch a glorious deed?
If Virtue then muſt be *its own reward*,
The times we live in, *are exceeding hard.*
The ſuffering *millions*, they whoſe cauſe you try,
Diſown their Patrons,—give them all the Lye, ‡

* In the firſt ſtage of the preſent Impeachment, Mr. Montague with great feeling, lamented the ſituation of his poor friend Mr. Burke, and while he mourned the weakneſs of theſe latter times, ſaid, that Simpkin's Hero muſt look to poſterity, as other great men had done before him, for the reward of his labours.

† Mr. Burke deſcribing the natives of Indoſtan in the Houſe of Commons, ſaid, that they were "fam'd for all the arts of poliſh'd "life, while we were yet in the woods."

‡ Though a very ſincere admirer of Simpkin, I ſhould think it neceſſary to adviſe him to change this line, or to expunge it totally, if a noble Lord, one of the Managers, had not repeatedly uſed the ſame expreſſion in the Houſe of Commons, during the debates upon the Regency Bill.

The

The crowded Audience, whom you entertain,
Oppreſs'd by Taxes, of the Coſt complain,
The watchful Senate murmurs at Expence,
And thinks the Charges of each year, immenſe——
EDMUND proceed,—'tis thine to perſevere,
Shall *clamour* ſtop thee ‡, in thy bold career?
Still may thy Breaſt o'erflow *with patriot zeal*,
Let vulgar ſouls, *attend the public weal.*

Fox, tho' thy Speeches be not four Days long, §
Thy zeal, like BURKE's, is ſtedfaſt, bold, and ſtrong,

‡ Alluding to certain ſilly aſperſions out of doors—Firſt, as to the enormous expence of the Impeachment—Secondly, as to the preſent ſtate of India—And thirdly, a bold aſſertion hazarded by one Major Scott in the Houſe if out of it—that India is at this moment governed upon the ſyſtem laid down by Haſtings, and condemned by the Managers.

§ A great deal of moſt aſtoniſhing eloquence, as Mr. Burke ſaid, was heard in the Houſe of Commons before Lord North could be driven from office; but thanks to the Impeachment, we have gone greatly beyond our forefathers.—In the time of Mr. Pulteney, a Speech of half an hour, would ſet Country Gentlemen to ſleep.—— Mr. Sheridan on the Begum Charge in the Commons, ſpoke five hours and a quarter—Sir James Erſkine, who determined to go beyond him, with his eye upon the clock, and chin upon the table, continued upon his legs, *five minutes longer than Mr. Sheridan.*—Mr. Burke who ſcorns to be outdone, made laſt year a Speech of four days in Weſtminſter Hall.—Sir Gilbert Elliot followed this example in the Commons.— Mr. Sheridan concluded laſt year by a Speech of four days, and Mr. Burke began this year in the ſame manner.

Im-

Impaſſion'd,—eager,—vengeance in thy view,
The man who caus'd thy fall, to death purſue. ||

Encomiums ſuited to the worth of GREY,
SIMPKIN, alas! wants language to convey;
Whatever form, or character he pleaſe,
GREY can aſſume, and act each part with eaſe.
One minute ſee him ſhine, an able Pleader,
The next a Clerk like, monotonic reader,
The third, a Bottle-holder to his leader.

Advance, illuſtrious Chiefs, renew the fight,
SIMPKIN ſhall each heroic act recite,
GREY, FOX, and SURFACE, with their General BURKE,
Shall ornament, and grace, a future work,
In the next year, ſhould *ſtars inferior ſhine*,
Their rays ſhall add, new ſplendor to my line.

|| Simpkin here ſeems to allude to a prevailing opinion, that the partizans of Mr. Haſtings at the India Houſe, firſt raiſed the alarm, upon the celebrated Bill of Mr. Fox, and he now juſtifies the violence of that Gentleman, as perfectly conſonant to the *lex talionis*—forgetting how ill this agrees with the character which Mr. Fox *has given of himſelf*,

Inimicitiæ placabiles, amicitiæ ſempiterne.——

THE

PREFACE,

To the PUBLIC.

If I ſhould not be reckoned a Poet, *I may at leaſt be held as* an Adventurer—*for no Writer ever ſtepped forward on ground leſs amuſing, and where even* the fictions *of Poetry could not go beyond the fictions of* Oratory; *perhaps I may boaſt the Triumph of having kept ſome people awake: and am therefore as meritorious as*—the Gout.

If further vanity I might indulge—it would be, that if my Heroes *have not been* Hectors *or* Neſtors—*nor I,* a Homer,

Still there have been contentions about
My Works. One pleaſant Bookſeller
Has maintained, I do not know my
Own writing ſo well as he does—that
his——

" *Is the true* Mag-pie,"——

And

And that He, *and not* myſelf *am entitled to my Works. But as I have no right to make any* obliging Gentleman of this ſort, *anſwer for my ſins—ſo will I fairly ſay—that having committed my writing to* the WORLD, *when they are taken out of the World —as all Children muſt die—my* Undertaker *is*

Mr. JOHN STOCKDALE, BOOKSELLER,
in PICCADILLY.

THE AUTHOR.

PART

PART THE FIRST.

PART THE FIRST.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE TRIAL OF

WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

LETTER I.

YOU have ask'd me, *dear* SIMON, a number of times,
To send you some more of my ludicrous rhimes;
Want of matter has hitherto check'd my endeavour,
But a subject occurs which will last me for ever.

You must know *Mr.* BURKE, who was quondam a teacher,
An *usher*, I think, is become an IMPEACHER;
In the House he had rail'd against HASTINGS so long,
That the Commons believed he had done *something wrong*;
So they articles voted, *not less than a score*,
Tho' EDMUND, they say, *cou'd have fram'd many more.*

As my hero asserted, and HASTINGS deny'd,
A day was appointed for him to be try'd.
But now for a time I must make a digression,
To give an account of the court in procession.

The PROCESSION.

The LORD CHANCELLOR's family first came in view,
And the order observ'd, was to walk two and two;
Then the CLERKS and the MASTERS *in* CHANCERY came,
Then the Judges of England in duo's the same.
With ADAIR the King's Serjeant, and then the Black Rod;
Then Heralds, and Barons, and Fathers in God.
And next are the Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses seen,
Then the *Dukes*, the *Archbishops*, and *Cryer* come in.
Next follows the *Chancellor*, and last of all
Dukes—Cumberland, *Gloster*, and *York*, and *Cornwall*.
These after the *Heralds*, walk singly alone,
And each as he passes, bows low to the *Throne*;
So much for the *Nobles*, and now I'll describe
The procession of BURKE and *his eloquent tribe*.
First EDMUND walks in at the head of the groupe,
The powerful *chief* of that powerful *troop*;
What awful *solemnity's* seen in his gait!
While the nod of his *head*, beats the time to his *feet*.

CHARLES

CHARLES FOX is the ſecond, and cloſe to his right,
Whoſe waddle declares he will never go ſtraight.
The rubicund SHERIDAN follows the third,
The oppoſer of PITT and the Treaſury Board;
His attention, 'tis ſaid, *has ſo long been directed*
To the National *Debts*, that his *own* are neglected,
And on public affairs, *where ſuch management's ſhewn*,
No wonder a man *cannot think of his own.*
Next ADAM comes in with a ſpit by his ſide,
And ſtruts like a turkey-cock ſwelling with pride;
Then follows ANSTRUTHER that weathercock elf,
As a proof how a man may diſſent from *himſelf*;
To the *Governor* HASTINGS his praiſe was profuſe,
On HASTINGS the *pris'ner*, he pours forth abuſe:
Then follows young GREY, an exact imitator
Of the ſcurrilous BURKE,—a moſt promiſing prater;
Tho' all muſt lament that he's under ſuch banners,
As evil community injures good manners.
Then PELHAM, FITZPATRICK, and WINDHAM came forth,
With MONTAGUE, MAITLAND, with BURGOYNE and NORTH.
Chick TAYLOR and ERSKINE are join'd in the vote,
And as *Managers* known by a *bag* and *dreſs coat.*
Then FRANCIS comes ſneaking with grief in his heart,
At not being indulg'd with a *Manager's* part;

Tho' he now and then ſteals to the *Manager*'s box,
To ſuggeſt a ſhrewd queſtion to EDMUND or FOX.
The Commons, all thoſe who from riding have leiſure,
Without order come in, and go out at their pleaſure.
When the *Lords* and the *Judges* had taken their ſtations,
The *Serjeant* at *Arms* utter'd three *proclamations*;
Then the charges and anſwers were read by the clerk,
And *ſome* were got through *by the time it was dark.*
The *ſecond* day alſo was waſted in reading,
But the *third* produc'd ſomething of EDMUND's proceeding;
He roſe and began—" You will find in the ſequel,
" My Lords, to this taſk *I am very unequal*;
" But, the *Commons*, who hold me in high eſtimation,
" Believe I am qualify'd *well* for the ſtation.
" My *Colleagues*, whoſe talents *refulgently ſhine*,
" Will amply make up *for the failure of mine*;
" Who ſharing the trouble *of framing the ſtory*,
" Have a right to partake with myſelf *in the glory*.
" My Lords, I foreſee in the courſe of this trial,
" There will be much aſſertion, and alſo denial,
" And before I go farther, 'tis proper and fit,
" I ſhould tell you what proof to reject and admit."
Here EDMUND proceeded diſtinction to draw,
Between this high court, and the low courts of law;

He eſtabliſh'd a doctrine of *evidence* found,
Which in no other treatiſe *could ever be found*;
The lawyer appear'd in whatever he ſpoke,
Than Blackſtone more learn'd, more ingenious than
Coke.
Rules of evidence *they* had the merit of ſtating,
But EDMUND lays claim *to the praiſe of creating:*
Yet even this deed *by himſelf was excell'd*,
In deſcribing the countries *he never beheld*;
To be ſure, his deſcription was *vaſtly admir'd*,
The whole was his own, for his tongue was inſpir'd
With knowledge divine—he expos'd to our view,
The religion of Hindoos and Muſſulman's too.
BURKE ſaid, Jenghez Khan only ſeiz'd their dominions,
But that HASTINGS wag'd war with the people's opinions.
Here the orator bluſter'd, at leaſt for an hour,
About WARREN HASTINGS, and abſolute power,
Who according to BURKE, has been forming a plan,
To map geographical morals for man.
Who to ſhew his great geometrical art,
Fit climates for virtues has drawn on a chart;
That virtues and vices, that duties and crimes,
May change with the latitudes, countries, and climes.
Here EDMUND committed his honor and word,
To prove *moral geography* vaſtly abſurd;

And by way of a ſecret, *their Lordſhips* were told,
That truth's not affected, *by heat or by cold*;
" Far better," ſays he, " when the Engliſh went thither,
" Had they call'd the inhabitant natives together;
" And inſtead of ſubduing, or them over-reaching,
" Had buſy'd themſelves with evangelic preaching.
" No converts made they to the Chriſtian religion,
" But pluck'd the rich blacks like the wing of a pigeon.
" For there was the Company's government built,
" Upon plunder, and rapine, and all kinds of guilt;
" In a ſyſtem like this, 'tis no matter of wonder,
" If all were inſpired by the ſpirit of plunder.
" There was not a captain, nor ſcarce a ſeapoy,
" But a *Prince* would depoſe, or a *Bramin* deſtroy;"
Here the *Hero* digreſs'd, and related ſome tales
Of a prince who was ſlain, as he thought, *by three ſeals*.
How *Nabobs*, and *Miniſters* had been oppreſt,
And the innocent natives with famine diſtreſt.
Now EDMUND returns to his well-belov'd theme,
To prove HASTINGS' power ſhould not be ſupreme;
That Government rule 'twas his duty to draw,
From *Coke* upon *Littleton*, writers on law:
And whenever their *Lordſhips* ſhall come to decide,
BURKE hoped they would take *Britiſh laws for their guide*.
'Tis contended, ſays he, by the party accus'd,
We ſhould govern by laws to which ſubjects are us'd.

 But,

But, my Lords, I maintain, 'tis expedient and fitting,
To govern the world by the laws of *Great Britain*;
Nor do I conceive that it matters a jot,
With respect to the laws, if they knew them or not.
And the pris'ner, I trust, will be try'd and attainted
By those laws alone, with which you are acquainted.
When EDMUND grew faint, his auxiliar ADAM
Read letters, as oft as the *Orator* bade him;
BURKE ended at length, with apprising the *Lords*,
That he an œconomist was of his words,
That he should just mention *the heads of each charge*,
And leave it to others thereon *to enlarge*;
Who would trace out corruption and base peculations,
Thro' all their meanders, and ramifications.
Here this letter ends, but expect, my dear brother,
When EDMUND resumes I will send you another.

17th February, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER II.

AND now, my dear brother, I take up the pen,
To tell you that BURKE has been ſpeaking again;
When the *Court* was aſſembled, thus EDMUND began,
" My *Lords*, I aſſert, WARREN HASTINGS's plan
" Has conſtantly been to get all that he can.
" For when NUNDCOMAR gave the Board information
" Concerning his bribery, and peculation;
" Inſtead of confronting the charge and denying,
" He caus'd his accuſer *to ſuffer for lying*,
" That is, NUNDCOMAR was for *forgery* hung,
" Which ſilenc'd for ever his *garrulous tongue*.
" Twenty thouſand pounds ſterling the criminal took
" From the Begum, I find, *by the Company's book*;
" To the truth of this action, her *ladyſhip ſwore*,
" And a *Rajah* too gave *twenty* thouſand pounds more;
" And this by the *Rajah* was certainly done,
" For the favour which HASTINGS conferr'd on his ſon
" But, *my Lords*, he was guilty of further abuſe,
" For he took many bribes *for the Company's uſe*;
" The company, *tho' they receiv'd them, and kept them*,
" Were deſirous to aſk, *why did* HASTINGS *accept them*.

" To

" To this queſtion the criminal made no reply,
" So to this very moment, *we cannot tell why.*"
Here EDMUND minutely deſcribed to the *Lords*,
The modes of collections, and *Revenue Boards.*
On farms and on diſtricts, the changes he rings
Till he happens at length to get hold of the *Sings*;
He talk'd about Caun too, and Deby, and others,
All Hindoos in caſt—in iniquity, brothers.
Here EDMUND launch'd out, and preſented to view
Such a picture, as none but himſelf ever drew.
" Of culprits whom DEBY SING ſentenc'd to ride
" On a pillory ox, with a drum on each ſide,
" And whilſt he and his party were buſy'd with pillage,
" This terrible bullock paraded the village.
" The natives alarmed at this horrible ſight,
" From their villages made a precipitate flight.
" This has I admit an incredible look,
" And would not be believ'd, *were it not in the book.*
" From the Company's records, the ſtory I drew,
" From records which are inconteſtably true;
" And he who collected this ſtrange information,
" For humanity's ſake would ſuppreſs the relation.
" But however his wiſhes might go to conceal it,
" In diſcharge of his truſt, he was forc'd to reveal it.
" To him in a body *the* RYOTS complain'd,
" That their houſes were burnt, and their cattle diſtrain'd.

" That

"That when Deby, this plunderer ſettled their rent,
"In taking the balance, he was not content
"With any thing leſs than ſix hundred per cent.
"And thoſe who the caſh were unable to raiſe,
"Were cruelly tortur'd in different ways."
The cruelties here, which the *Orator* ſtated,
Are more than in verſe can be juſty related.
He deſcrib'd to the audience *in language obſcene*,
New *ſockets* for *candles*, and *glaſſes unclean*;
From theſe *filthy cups*, ſome were drinking the waters,
Whilſt others were raviſhing mothers and daughters;
For tearing off nipples, a *Bamboo* was clift,
And the ſuffering female was ſtripp'd of her ſhift:
Whilſt EDMUND theſe cruelties horribly painted,
Some ladies took ſalts, others wept, and ONE fainted.
And indeed, my dear brother, I'm free to confeſs,
As EDMUND deſcribed it, they could do no leſs.
Some people, however, who perfectly knew
The true ſtate of the caſe, ſaid 'twas moſtly untrue;*
On this ſubject farther, I've only to add,
The ſurpriſing effect which his eloquence had,

Not

* The ſtory of Deby Sing having attracted the attention of this country, and indeed of all Europe; we think it right to add Major Scott's *proſe* account of that celebrated ſtory.—He has publiſhed two letters to Mr. Fox, in which he details it at length, refers to the documents

Not only on thoſe, *who ne'er heard it before,*
But on BURKE, who had read *it a hundred times o'er.*
In the annals of painting, *'tis certainly new,*
For the *artiſt* to faint, *at the picture he drew;*
But BURKE was ſo touch'd, that he fainted away,
Like Siddons, the Tragedy Queen in a play.
Some think *'twas his conſcience that gave him a ſtroke,*
But thoſe *who beſt know him, treat that as a joke:*
'Tis a *trick* that ſtage orators have at their need,
The paſſions to rouſe, *and the judgement miſlead;*
And *Dick*, who is ſkill'd *in theatrical painting,*
Had given his leader *ſome leſſons on fainting.*

cuments neceſſary to prove all his aſſertions; and we can with confidence affirm, that he has proved the following facts:

1ſt. That at the time Mr. Burke told the ſtory, *he knew* from direct and poſitive evidence, that it would be impoſſible to implicate Mr. Haſtings directly, or indirectly, in any criminality that might attach upon Deby Sing.

2d. That Mr. Burke *knew* he was ſtating what *was not true*, when he affirmed that Deby Sing was appointed farmer of Rungpore and Dinagepore, by Mr. Haſtings.

3d. That he ſtated certain acts of great cruelty as facts proved, though *he knew* they were mere aſſertions, *then in the courſe of inquiry.*

4. That many of them, upon the fulleſt inveſtigation, have turned out *to be falſe*; and to conclude the final deciſion of the Bengal Government, after the fulleſt inquiry proves, that Deby Sing was innocent of all the moſt dreadful crimes charged againſt him, and that no Engliſhman, of whatever rank or ſtation, is implicated in ſuch of the criminality (trifling as it is) which attaches upon Deby Sing.

Now

Now BURKE from his horror a little compos'd,
To the gallery ladies a ſecret diſclos'd;
He ſaid, that the men whoſe induſtrious hands
Had been tortur'd, and ſcrew'd, were the tillers of lands,
And owing to them he affirmed it to be,
That the ladies drank morning and afternoon tea.
Here EDMUND ſtruck up a more loud deprecation,
Againſt the effects of divine indignation,
And demanded that HASTINGS be made to atone
For the crimes *of all others as well as his own.*
Juſt here was the ſpirit of eloquence damp'd,
For the ſtomach of EDMUND was ſuddenly cramp'd,
When FRANCIS beheld his dear orator ſtop,
He ſprung twenty feet at two ſteps and a hop;
Aſſa-fœtida drops he apply'd to his noſe,
But tho' EDMUND recovered, the ſpeech had a cloſe.
LORD THURLOW long ſilent, now thought it his turn
To ſpeak to the *Court*, ſo he mov'd *to adjourn.*

21ſt February, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER III.

DEAR BROTHER—

YOU aſk, why was FRANCIS diſtreſt?
Why he fear'd for the cauſe ſo much more than the reſt?
To anſwer this queſtion as well as I can,
I muſt give you a ſketch of this wonderful man

Some certain things riſe from the dark,
Our hero ſtarted firſt a clerk—
In office, that was ſtill impreſſing
On tender youth this uſeful leſſon;
Thoſe that would thrive muſt learn to cringe,
"*To turn like door upon a hinge*;"
To flatter thoſe that favour ſhew ye;
To ſpurn at thoſe that are below ye;
FRANCIS, by acting well this part,
Completely won his patron's heart;
Who made him, by a ſudden ſpring,
The fifth part of *a potent King*;*
That is, he was to *Bengal* ſent,
The under limb of *Government*.—

* Francis's definition of himſelf, and his power to the people in India.

Let

Let yonder beggar mount a horſe,
The Proverb tells "which way his courſe;"
So FRANCIS, who had been a hack
Of office, 'midſt a ſervile pack,
Saw thouſands tremble at his nod,
Like Philip's ſon, became a god.
His fortune had been great indeed,
If HASTINGS had not check'd his ſpeed,
And to his proſpects put an end,
By calling from *Lucknow* his friend.
This FRANCIS never can forgive,
As long as he and HASTINGS live;
And from that time, has been purſuing
Means to effect his total ruin;
But fruitleſs finding oppoſition,
He form'd—like ſome—*a coalition*:
But *coalitions ſtill muſt fall,*
One certain fate, *o'ertakes them all.*
Tho' his—a novel kind of plan—
To join, and then betray the man;
But HASTINGS' genius was awake,
And ere he ſtung, it ſcotch'd the ſnake.
This to the fire but added fuel,
Until it ended in a duel.——
When FRANCIS ſaw his ſchemes all fail,
For England's ſhore he ſpread his ſail.—

No

No ſooner on ſhore had our PHILL ſet his feet,
Than he drove, like a *Poſt-boy*, to LEADENHALL-STREET;
In the flames of his Malice, he burnt to diſcloſe
A tale, which had coſt him ſome years to compoſe;
But he got a rebuff from the Court of Directors;
They were HASTINGS's *friends*; they were Virtue's protectors:
They paid juſt regard to their honor and glory;
They read not PHILL's papers: they heard not PHILL's ſtory;
That like lightning to England from India he came,
In ſpeed he was greatly ſurpaſs'd by his fame;
They knew how the meaſure of HASTINGS he croſt,
How near his advice COROMANDEL had loſt;
By the Court of Directors, it clearly was ſeen,
That the man was a compound of envy and ſpleen—

Then away to the mongers of Boroughs went he,
To try, if with ſome one he could not agree;
And find a fit corner—for once—to his uſe,
For ſpeech unreſtrain'd, and for licens'd abuſe.

But when from himſelf an abuſive oration
Could produce no effect on a ſenſible nation,
His attention was turn'd to the *Quixote-like* BURKE,
Who is fond of engaging in *Quixote-like* work;

He told him long ſtories " of damſels diſtreſs'd,"
" Of extirpated nations, of RAJAHS oppreſs'd;
" Of HASTINGS's having compell'd the NABOB,
" His kindred, his mother, grandmother to rob.—
" Shall the eloquent BURKE, who by pleading the cauſe
" Of *Powell*, and *Bembridge*, gain'd laſting applauſe;
" Shall the man, who to wretches like theſe was a friend,
" The rights of old damſels refuſe to defend?
" Oh! let not the children of ASIA beſeech
" Thy mercy in vain; but the tyrant impeach;
" I myſelf will find matter, do you furniſh ſpeech."
Then away poſted BURKE to his CHARLEY and SHERRY,
Who were toping at BROOKES's, pot-valiant and merry!
" I have ſomething, my boys, upon which we may
" prate,
" 'Tis time we ſhould ſpout, leſt we grow out of date;
" Againſt a Nabob I am furniſh'd with matter—
" When matter is found, we can all of us chatter;
" WARREN HASTINGS is he, you remember, his friends
" *Prevented* us lately, *from gaining our ends.*
" That ſtock-holding-crew the late change brought
" about
" In adminiſtration, and turn'd us all out:
" Let us try, in our turn, if we can't over-reach him,
" Then hilloa, brave boys, let us on and impeach him!
" Perhaps

" Perhaps the rich rogue, when he finds himſelf under
" Our laſh, may preſent us ſome part of the plunder."
Then CHARLEY, who found himſelf not in a cue,
So wild, ſo romantic a ſcheme to purſue,
Who found by a balance, juſt made of his books,
Himſelf better paid by attending at Brookes',
Requeſted, that BURKE would be pleas'd to deſiſt
From the buſineſs, or ſtrike his name out of the liſt.
And SHERRY, who now holds theatrical ſtuff,
Declar'd on the ſtage " there was acting enough."
And begg'd, that if BURKE had this farce at his heart,
HE might be excus'd from the taking a part.
BURKE ſtarted, and ſwore, if you do not think fit
To ſupport me in this, I'll go over to PITT.
Then CHARLES, who began to foreſee the reduction
Of his force at St. Stephen's might prove his deſtruction,
Engag'd for himſelf, and the whole of his party;
Tho' ſome people think CHARLES is not very hearty.
Three years have elaps'd ſince the ſuit they began,
They may work many more, let them do all they can,
Before they will conquer this much-injur'd man!
You aſk'd me what cauſe had the Houſe to reſiſt
Adding FRANCIS's name to the MANAGER's liſt?
Why, moderate men to exclude him agreed,
Tho' BURKE pledg'd his honor, he could not proceed
Without FRANCIS's aid, to ſupport him in need.

Then, EDMUND! thy zeal ſtruck the guard from thy tongue,
And betray'd the baſe ſource, whence thy charges all ſprung.
Great part of the Houſe, which till then had believ'd
The ſtory, now find themſelves groſly deceiv'd;
How many good men, now are griev'd to the heart,
To think they were talk'd into taking a part.

But FRANCIS triumphantly laugh'd in his ſleeve,
To think he ſo long could the public deceive.
As he walk'd along Bond-ſtreet, he ſaid to a friend,
"Tho' my foe be acquitted, 'twill anſwer my end;
"Oppreſt with fatigue, and o'erburthen'd with coſt,
"His health will be broken, his fortune be loſt;"
Then he ſwore, by the Lord, he would not ceaſe purſuing,
Till death and damnation had finiſh'd his ruin.
Tho' ſo ſolemn an oath, he confeſs'd gave him pain,
To come from a boſom ſo *kind* and *humane*.

I conclude for the preſent:—but if, *my dear* BROTHER,
You like this epiſtle, I'll ſend you another;

February 23d, 1788.

LET-

LETTER IV.

As the Orator now had recovered his ſtrength,
Which had ſuffer'd from ſpeech of immoderate length,
He return'd to the tale he had often repeated,
And told us how ill the poor natives were treated.
Thoſe natives who furniſh'd the Ladies with tea,
Were as gentle and mild as poor creatures could be;
But as patience like all other virtues is bounded,
They all flew to arms when the trumpet reſounded:
But, alas! th' inſurgents contended in vain,
They fought, they were conquer'd, were routed, and ſlain.
Here Edmund broke forth in a ſtrain ſo ſublime,
No poet can do him ſtrict juſtice in rhime—
"I charge Warren Hastings, and thoſe he employed,
"With (in practice and theory) having deſtroyed
"All Government—And with endeavouring to draw
"Depravity into a ſyſtem of law—
"Peculation to rules of arithmetic brought,
"This curſed High Prieſt of iniquity taught,

" In the name of the COMMONS and PEOPLE at large,
" With *high crimes and ſtrange miſdemeanors I charge*
" WARREN HASTINGS.————
" I charge him with *treachery*, *fraud*, and *abuſe*,
" And with *robbery* too, for the *Company's uſe*—
" I charge him with *cruelties* and *devaſtations*,
" Such as never were practis'd on innocent nations.
" I charge him with leaving in thoſe wretched climes
" Not *money enough* to *atone for his crimes*."
But now the *ſublime* being ſuddenly ended,
To the *pathos* my verſatile Speaker deſcended.
" I ſpy a *religious reſpectable band*,
" Who all holy myſteries well underſtand,
" Who from duty ſhould ſave our religion from ſink-
" ing,
" Of HASTINGS, what muſt be their manner of think-
" ing?
" I ſpy on the *woolſack* the JUDGES *profound*,
" Who can find out the *law* and at pleaſure expound,
" With ſo much uprightneſs and juſtice; I wonder
" What muſt be *their* thoughts of *extortion* and *plunder*.
" Of NOBLES I ſpy an *illuſtrious train*,
" Whoſe honor can ſuffer by no ſpot or ſtain;
" All thoſe muſt undoubtedly favor the work,
" And cry, *Bravo*, *braviſſimo*, *rare* Mr. BURKE.

" In

" In the *name of religion*, which he has disgrac'd;
" Of our *Constitution*, which he has defac'd;
" In the *name of those millions of Indians destroyed*
" By HASTINGS, and others whom he has employed;
" In the *name of humanity* and *human nature*,
" All stabb'd to the heart by this terrible creature,
" I IMPEACH WARREN HASTINGS! Nor let me com-
" plain
" That pleadings so strong shou'd be offered in vain."
Here ended great EDMUND, and CHARLEY arose,
A *mode of conducting the cause* to *propose*,
A contrivance of his, or some lawyer, perhaps,
Who has spent all his life in the laying of traps.
In Æsop you've read of that *subtle old Fox*
Who liv'd by destroying *hens*, *pullets*, and *cocks*.
Who one night on his ramble had fasten'd his eye
On a cock and his family roosting on high,
Who made such a *flattering treacherous speech*
To prevail on the poultry to come in his reach.
With *similar motive* did CHARLEY propose
His method to make WARREN HASTINGS disclose
The *reply he will make to their charges*, and thence
To enable themselves to *forestal his defence*;
But DALLAS and PLOMER, and vigilant LAW,
Perceiv'd his design, and the evil foresaw.

They oppos'd him with arguments weighty and ſound,
But CHARLEY with firmneſs diſputed the ground.
After much altercation their LORDSHIPS withdrew
To determine on what was moſt proper to do.
And here, my dear Brother, this Letter I end,
And when the Court meets, I another will ſend.

February 25th, 1788.

LET-

LETTER V.

ONCE more, my dear SIMON, I take up the pen
To record the exploits of thoſe eloquent men.
The LORDS met, and we heard that the *Court wou'd not close*
With the method which CHARLEY was pleas'd to *propoſe*;
Then CHARLES and the MANAGERS begg'd to retire
To hold conſultation—they had their deſire.
After ſome ſhort adjournment, the heroes came back;
Some faces were long, and ſome others look'd black.
Fox ſaid, " We ſubmit, yet beg leave to proteſt
" That we muſt ſtill conſider *our mode as the beſt*,
" And though for the preſent, we *privilege* wave,
" The *Rights of the Commons* we carefully ſave.

" My LORDS, the firſt charge we are going to bring
" Is the *conduct of* HASTINGS *concerning* CHEYT SING."
Then CHARLEY with geſture emphatic avow'd
That HE of his rank was exceſſively proud,
As being commiſſioned to open the *firſt*,
And indeed he appeared as if ready to burſt,
But whether his *ſwelling* were *wind*, *fat*, or *pride*,
Is a queſtion too knotty for me to decide;

" Our fine Conſtitution," ſays he, " is a creature
" Of which WE compoſe the *diſtinguiſhing feature*,
" And the beſt things the *Commoners* have in their reach,
" Is, *whenever they like, whom they hate to impeach.*
" I would have you, however, this inference draw,
" That impeachment's *not founded, or governed by Law*;
" Our judges, my LORDS, I am free to aver,
" Are much better men than their anceſtors were;
" But what makes them ſo? 'tis not praying or preaching,
" But the dread they are conſtantly in *of impeaching*.
" My LORDS, we have been in minority long,
" But in this point we had a majority ſtrong;
" All deſcriptions of people, all parties agreed,
" That we were engag'd in a praiſe-worthy deed;
" For, my LORDS, we this difficult taſk undertake
" For no other cauſe *but for juſtice's ſake*,
" For the ſake of a people *who never complain'd*
" To us of the injuries *they had ſuſtain'd*,
" And from whom no reward *can be ever obtain'd*.
" The man againſt whom all theſe charges we bring
" Made a treaty, my LORDS, with one RAJAH CHEYT
" SING,
" And from documents which we ſhall read, it appears
" That the treaty inviolate laſted three years;
" But I beg I may not do the Criminal wrong,
" For it was not his fault that it laſted ſo long,

" It

" It was FRANCIS, who being concern'd in the making
" The treaty, prevented *the Culprit from breaking :*
" For HASTINGS breaks treaties, and ſets them aſide
" Ere the ink, or the paper, is perfectly dried.
" In this caſe the Pris'ner may ſhelter his name,
" In the branches wide ſpreading of FRANCIS's fame,
" But when the *French* threaten'd Bengal with invaſion,
" And finances were low, HE took the occaſion,
" In breaking of treaties, his ſkill to exhibit,
" And demanded of CHEYT SING *additional tribute.*
" WARREN HASTINGS, my LORDS, to facilitate breaking
" Of treaties, was buſy'd with *dictionary making* ;
" Explanations by JOHNSON it ſeems would not do,
" So he made ſome himſelf which are perfectly new."
Here CHARLEY deſcanted for more than an hour
Upon HASTINGS's new definition of power,
And 'tis certain that CHARLEY threw many new lights
Upon Sovereign Princes and Sovereign Rights.
At length he this ultimate inference brought,
That the *Sovereign is all, and the People are nought.*
" This tribute," ſays CHARLES, " CHEYT neglected to
" pay,
" And a thouſand pretences he made for delay,
" But HASTINGS again with law dictionary new,
" Proves, that money *as ſoon as demanded—is due.*

" The

" The money was paid—CHEYT gave HASTINGS a ſum,
" To excuſe him from paying for ages to come;
" And HASTINGS accordingly took the amount,
" And carry'd the ſame *to the public account*,
" But this notwithſtanding he could not diſpenſe,
" With the tribute demanded on any pretence.
" The RAJAH reſiſted—and HASTINGS deſign'd
" The delinquent ſhou'd therefore *be heavily fin'd*,
" That is, as the vaſſal his maſters withſtood,
" His crimes ſhould be turn'd *to the Company's good:*
" But the RAJAH and HASTINGS were ſtiff in opinion,
" And the former in conſequence loſt his dominion."
Here CHARLES a vaſt number of arguments brought
To prove that the RAJAH *was never in fault*;
That when HASTINGS the tribute preſum'd to exact,
" He committed a curs'd, and iniquitous act.
" That no ſtate neceſſity *ever could be*,
" For a deed ſo flagitious, *an adequate plea.*
" My LORDS, it is ſaid, *a great man* in this ſtate
" Thinks HASTINGS is like *Alexander the Great*,
" But the only ſimilitude I can diſcover,
" Is in the raſh act of that deſperate lover,
" Who when with ſtrong liquors *made damnable drunk*,
" Perſepolis burnt *for the whim of a punk.*
" My LORDS, I conceive that you need not be told,
" That the eyes of all Europe your actions behold,

" That

" That if all our charges are pleaded in vain,
" You will render Great Britain as odious as Spain;
" But I cannot, however, the notion admit,
" That your LORDSHIPS can ever the Pris'ner acquit;
" But ſhould it be ſo—we have this ſatisfaction,
" WE *can ſafely diſclaim any ſhare in the action.*"
CHARLES ended his ſpeech and their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd,
And home the delighted ſpectators return'd.

February, 26, 1788.

LET.

LETTER VI.

THIS day, my dear friend, I've the pleasure to say,
For the *first time* we had an oration from GREY;
For the MANAGERS follow an excellent line,
And alternately suffer each other to shine;
Chief Painter is BURKE, and the head of the trade,
He teaches the use of light, colours, and shade.
Some people will have it, that EDMUND is teaching
A dozen disciples the *art of impeaching*,
And if this be a truth, I with justice may say,
He has not a scholar more *docile* than GREY:
But in spite of his *breeding*, BURKE would not confide
Too much on a *Steed*, that had never been try'd;
So he prudently order'd, that GREY should go o'er,
The story which CHARLEY *related before*,
And indeed he exhibited proof of his strength,
By detailing the RAJAH's misfortunes at length;
But as he could add, nothing new to the charge,
On the *system of feuds* he was pleas'd to enlarge,
And with infinite learning, the Orator shew'd,
That the RAJAH's possession was *not like a feud*;
And the town of Benaris, he seem'd to believe,
Was the *Paradise ancient* of ADAM and EVE;

That

That HASTINGS, like *Satan*, was fond of expelling
The innocent folk from their beautiful dwelling;
And the principal pleasure which HASTINGS enjoy'd,
Was seeing their elegant mansions destroy'd.
CHEYT SING, in one letter, call'd HASTINGS the *Mirror*
Of the World, but GREY thinks, that it must be an error,
Or if not, it *reflected no object but terror.*
After this, he came forth with some Latin quotations,
Which are beauty spots common in modern orations.
Then he humbly requested, their Lordships would not
Be offended, at seeing him *angry and hot*;
For a man must be callous, or worse than a fool,
Who on such occasion is *temp'rate and cool:*
" No *personal malice*, no *passion* I feel,
" Save for *Justice's sake* an *inordinate zeal*;
" Nor have I, my LORDS, the least shadow of doubt
" Of HASTINGS's *guilt*, nor *of making it out.*"
Two hours did he argue, yet said little more
Than CHARLEY had utter'd the morning before;
'Twas mere repetition of phrases, and thence,
I have taken the liberty here to condense,
The speech, and, I hope, without *losing the sense.*
Then papers and witnesses roundly asserted
Some facts, *which have never been yet controverced.*

Next a *charter was read*, by whose friendly assistance,
It was prov'd that the *Company has an existence.*
Here ended *one day*, and the hearers complain'd
With reason, of not being much entertain'd.
The next day the MANAGERS spent all the time,
To prove against HASTINGS a radical crime,
Which of all sorts of crimes, is assuredly worst;
That the *Prisoner* with *animus malus is curst.*
That his words, and his actions, the MANAGERS find,
Arose from a *natural badness of mind:*
This natural *badness*, some doctors have taught,
Is a human misfortune instead of a fault;
And therefore did HASTINGS's counsel contend,
That a proof of this nature could answer no end;
But as neither the matter disputed would yield,
The LORDSHIPS of course were beat out of the field;
They return'd, and my heroes were suffer'd to add
New proofs that the *Prisoner* is *mentally bad.*
Then ANSTRUTHER open'd—A question arose,
(Among the spectators, as you will suppose)
It was, *which is dullest*, the *Clerical reading*,
Or his *monotonical manner of pleading?*
This question would furnish an infinite theme
For argument, both being *dull in extreme*;
To decide on this question, exceeded the skill
Of the best connoisseurs, so for ever it will.

Six

Six days in examining proofs were expended,
And I thought with the reſt, it would never have ended;
But with pleaſure and joy, I was quite overcome,
When ANSTRUTHER ſaid, *he was going to ſum*.
The ſummary too was ſo *barren* and *dull*,
There was not *one flower* for SIMPKIN to cull;
And what muſt ſurpriſe you ſtill farther indeed,
Curioſity found not *one paſſable weed*.
And here, my dear Brother, this letter would end,
Were it not for my worthy poetical friend,
Who told us, that BENN had been wickedly joking,
When he ſwore that *ſnuff taking was equal to ſmoaking*.
At the ſame time BURKE ſtarted a comical notion,
Of a CHANCELLOR *being found deep in devotion*;
This would be it was thought, a ridiculous ſight,
The BISHOPS *all laugh'd*, as with reaſon they might.
But now, my dear SIMON, I finiſh this letter,
With a hope that my next will be longer and better.

February 28th, 1788.

LETTER VII.

As the Managers, Brother, adhere to the plan,
Of changing each day, and relieving their man,
This day, Mr. Adam arose to declare,
That to open the *second Charge fell to his share*:
" My Lords, I well know 'tis a difficult task,
" And one that I had not the courage to ask:
" I am conscious, indeed, of too many defects,
" But still *I must do*, what *my Gen'ral directs*.
" My friend Sherry, who formerly open'd this cause,
" In the *Senate*, obtain'd such *uncommon applause*,
" That I'm almost afraid to exhibit my skill,
" Lest the people should laugh at my speaking so ill.

As lawyers are fond of *nice legal precision*,
He pursued the professional mode of division,
And the Charge was *with art anatomical split*,
Into several heads, as the Speaker thought fit;
That Oude had good things in great plenty and store,
But now is reduc'd and exceedingly poor;
That the Begums were *Ladies of quality regal*,
And that their estates and possessions were legal;

And

And next, that 'twas HASTINGS's duty to ſee
No infringement was made upon his guarantee,
That though HE in *the name of the Company made it*,
He himſelf was the firſt who preſum'd to *invade it*;
That HASTINGS compell'd the reluctant NABOB
His *Mother, Grandmother, and Kindred to rob*;
That theſe Princeſſes and their deſcendants muſt rue it,
That they all were diſtreſt, and that HASTINGS well
knew it:
That to find ſome pretext for this *damnable action*,
He accus'd the poor innocent ladies of *faction*;
That IMPEY his colleague, collected a pack
Of ſtrange affidavits, to prove *white was black*.

" 'Tis ſeldom, my LORDS, that an advocate needs,
" To prove criminality herent in deeds,
" Except in *Impeachments*, and there we muſt ſhow,
" That ſome things *are bad*, not *apparently ſo*:
" But in HASTINGS a number of actions are *baſe*,
" That would *not be ſo*, in *another man's caſe*:"
Next ADAM diſplay'd geographical knowledge,
(Which he pick'd up perhaps when a *ſtudent at College*)
Of the province of *Oude*, he deſcrib'd the dimenſion,
It's *latitude, longitude, ſite*, and *extenſion*:
From *Angleſea Iſle*, to the mouth of the Humber,
Is a great many miles, and he ſtated the number;

But it was not so long, he most solemnly vow'd,
Nor was Ireland so *wide*, as *the province of Oude*.
" My LORDS, tho' this Province was fertile and rich,
" And formerly rais'd to a very high pitch,
" No sooner with us had it form'd a *connection*,
" Than it paid very dear for our *purchas'd protection*;
" Of that treaty with us, the lamentable price,
" Was the *Rohilla War*, and 'twas EDMUND's advice,
" An *additional Charge* against HASTINGS to make it,
" But we could not prevail on the COMMONS to take it."
Here ADAM to shew his *rhetorical powers*,
Gave their LORDSHIPS a handful of brilliant flowers;
He said, that the Sun which on *avarice rose*,
Its meridian was *cruelty*, *horror*, and *woes*,
And in *blood was its setting*, and *ultimate close*.
And next he proceeded, with care to describe
The BEGUMS *of Oude*, and their *dignify'd tribe*.
He detail'd an account of their *Sisters* and *Brothers*,
Of their *Uncles* and *Aunts*, of their *Fathers* and *Mothers*;
After which, it was clearly and learnedly shown,
That the cash which they legally had was *their own*;
" But, my LORDS, said the Speaker, " I told you before,
" That the NABOB through us grew *exceedingly poor*,
" And having for money no other resource,
" From his parent he wanted to *take it by force*,

" But

" But HASTINGS, my LORDS, it appears at that time,
" *Prevented the Son from committing the crime.*"
Next ADAM in raptures proceeded to quote
A letter, which one of the Princeſſes wrote,
He ſaid, *Queen* ELIZABETH never wrote better,
Nor could CECIL her Miniſter pen ſuch a letter;
It was *ſo pathetic, ſo moving, ſo pretty,*
That HASTINGS's breaſt was *affected with pity.*
" When HASTINGS," ſays he, " ſpeaks the *language of*
" *nature,*
" There is not a more *intellectual creature:*
" But when he would cover ſome *action impure,*
" His ſtile is *perplex'd,* and his language *obſcure:*"
Then ADAM diſplay'd in the language of *thunder,*
How the BEGUMS *had ſuffer'd* from HASTINGS's *plunder;*
But it chanc'd in the midſt of this violent prating,
He the *Pris'ner accus'd* of *a letter miſdating,* *
Who whiſper'd, 'TIS FALSE, to ſome friend that was
near,
But low as it was, ADAM happen'd to hear:
Not *lightning,* which burſts from th' electrical cloud,
Not the *voice of the Heavens,* when it *thunders aloud,*
Not the *burſt of a gun,* not a *mine that is ſprung,*
Could in any degree match the MANAGER's *tongue.*

* This error in which Mr. Adam was involved he might have eſcaped, if the Managers who had authority to ſend for perſons, papers, and records, had examined Sir John Macpherſon, or Mr. Auriol.

" My LORDS, while myself I'm addressing to you,
" Shall any man dare to *suppose it untrue ?*
" In the high situation in which I am plac'd,
" Shall a whisper escape from that *Being disgrac'd ?*
" I cannot support it—I cannot endure it—
" I am stung to the quick, and there's nothing to cure it;
" *Oh save me, protect me,* my LORDS, if you can,
" From the *whispers and words* of that *insolent man :*
" 'Tis far, far below me, to ask *satisfaction*
" In private of him for this *damnable action :*"
No person could judge where his passion would lead,
If his temperate friends had not hinder'd his speed :
He recover'd a little, and went on to draw,
Conclusions from *arguments founded in law* ;
He belong'd to the law, and he freely allow'd,
'Twas an honour that made him exceedingly proud,
That the BEGUMS *in Court* should be *publickly try'd,*
He said, was a point that could not be deny'd,
Before HASTINGS and IMPEY their property took,
As is written in every juridical book :
Some persons who heard what the MANAGER spoke,
Burst out in a laugh, at his ludicrous joke ;
They said, that the pleader in fury of diction,
Forgot the extent of the law's jurisdiction :
Others *smil'd with ineffable pity, and then,*
Reflected too hard on professional men ;

I have

I have to obſerve, that in ADAM's oration
Came frequently in an *old Latin quotation*;
But I could not diſtinguiſh, ſo quick was it ſaid,
The *language alive*, from the *language that's dead*:
At length, my dear Brother, this maſs of confuſion,
After *four hours ſpeaking*, came ſafe to concluſion.
Here then for the preſent, my letter I end,
But you'll ſoon hear again from your Brother and Friend.

April 15, 1788.

LETTER VIII.

As my heroes all thirſt for the *making orations*,
Mr. Pelham this day roſe to make obſervations:
He ſaid, he was *order'd to comment at large*,
Upon Hasting's *anſwer to this preſent charge*;
That the labours they had to get over, were more
Than any Committee had ſuffer'd before;
For the Pris'ner poſſeſs'd an *extenſive connection*,
And *friends* who afforded him *mighty protection*;
This, however, he could not conſider a crime,
Except at the *preſent* unfortunate time:
'Tis our pride to have friends, but in Hastings's caſe,
The converſe of this propoſition takes place.

And indeed, my dear Brother, I can't but remark,
There is ſomething in Hastings exceedingly dark;
For that which in others is reckon'd a *merit*,
Is in Hastings a ſign of *malevolent ſpirit*:
In his *words*, in his *actions*, and even his *thoughts*,
The Managers ſee *unatonable faults*:
To return—Pelham ſaid, that all Hastings's friends
Were *wretches*, *who ſerv'd his deteſtable ends*;

'Twas

'Twas a comfort, however, that the MANAGERS had
Some witneſſes, not ſo *deplorably bad*:
" 'Tis ſaid, that in ſeizing the Princeſſes treaſure,
" Neceſſity urg'd and dictated the meaſure,
" But ſuppoſing it ſo, he committed a blunder,
" In drawing reſources from rapine and plunder:
" Beſides, I can prove beyond all contradiction,
" That this *ſtate neceſſity* is but a fiction;
" But ſuppoſing it real, all people agree,
" State neceſſity is a tyrannical plea:"
Here ſome who remember'd *what came from that quarter*,
When the party fell foul of the *Company's charter*,
Who had not ſeen much of the tergiverſations
Of Orators modern, when making orations,
With wonder were ſtruck, *that they now ſhould deny*
That plea, upon which they wiſh'd *then* to rely.
Then PELHAM attention requeſted to call,
To the fate of the ladies lodg'd in the *Khord Mhal*.
A picture of horrible ſufferings he drew,
Which his conſcience declar'd were infallibly true.
Thoſe dames, the compaſſionate MANAGER ſaid,
Were *driv'n to deſpair* by the *wanting of bread*;
And he ſadly lamented that damſels ſo fair,
Should from *wiſhes ungratified ſink in deſpair*;
At the centinels poſted, the ladies threw dirt,
Who were frighted, it ſeems, but not mortally hurt;

They

They threaten'd to throw themſelves over the wall,
And to daſh out their brains by the force of the fall;
Within the Zenana, no longer would they,
In a *ſtarving condition* impatiently ſtay,
But break out of priſon, and all run away:
One night they had fram'd ſome uncommon deſigns,
And had form'd and arrang'd themſelves into three lines;
In the firſt line their children, ſo pretty, ſo dear,
In the ſecond the ladies, their ſlaves in the rear,
But what they intended, did never appear:
One day when the ladies were diſmally weeping,
Letafut, Darogah, who had them in keeping,
To ſilence their noiſe had no other recourſe,
Save driving them into the Convent by force:
The Sepoys were call'd, and a battle enſu'd,
The ladies were warm, and the Sepoys were rude;
The former threw bricks, and the latter threw ſtones,
Without breaking of heads, without fracturing bones.
At length after fighting, and ſtriving in vain,
The ladies return'd to their priſon again:
Soon after this diſmal, this ſhocking adventure,
The Begums apartment they wanted to enter.
But the BEGUM hard-hearted deny'd them admiſſion,
So they want back again in a mournful condition;
But what was the worſt of this accident new,
The Sepoys, alas! had the Ladies in view.

Here

Here PELHAM's ſpeech ended, which from the begin-
ning,
Had taken *three hours*, in the carding and ſpinning.
Then SHERRY aroſe, and complain'd of the trouble,
That HASTINGS's counſel was making it double;
That making to evidence *frequent objection*
Did harm to their ſtories and broke their connection;
That themſelves were of evidence *Judges the beſt*,
As to *what ſhould be read*, and *what ſhou'd be ſuppreſt*.
Then they call'd Major SCOTT who is HASTINGS's friend,
And aſk'd him *by whom the Defences were penn'd*;
He was *help'd by his friends* being *ſtraighten'd for time*
Which proves, like the reſt, *an additional crime*;
Thus ended this day, and at meeting the next,
We heard SHERRY preach upon quite a new text;
And in order to cover the Pris'ner with *blame*,
He offer'd in evidence *general fame*;
Common fame, he allow'd, was indifferent proof,
But in HASTINGS's *caſe*, *it would do well enough*:
And tho', ſays my hero, it does not appear,
The report ſpread ſo far as to HASTINGS's ear,
Yet whether he *heard it or not*, 'tis the ſame,
He might, had he liſten'd, have heard *common fame*.
Then witneſſes many were call'd to the bar,
Till at length EDMUND call'd upon *Prince Cantemar*,

Whoſe

Whoſe evidence, LAW and his brothers withſtood,
But their LORDSHIPS declar'd, it was evidence good:
BURKE took up his book, and proceeded to read
A chapter intitled *Sultana Valide*:
He read how the Sultans their mothers reſpected,
That maternal injunctions were never neglected;
In Mahommedan countries, the Mother Sultana
By cuſtom preſides o'er the Sultan's Zenana;
For the uſe of her ſon, the kind matron provides
A plentiful ſtock of young beautiful brides:
In the feaſt of Bairam, a freſh Virgin is led
Each night by the Mother to Royalty's bed;
And tho' Virgins are ſent by a three-tail'd Baſhaw,
He cannot, according to Muſſelmen Laws,
Touch one without making a wicked *faux pas*:
If the Sultan, perchance, has a mind for ſome other
And gets her unknown to the Empreſs his mother,
It highly reflects on the Dowager's honor,
And fixes diſgrace everlaſting upon her.
Here ended this day, and their LORDSHIPS aroſe,
So my Letter in conſequence draws to a cloſe;
But permit me to tell, e'er I lay down my pen,
How the ſtory affected the women and men;
Thoſe thought it a *waſteful profuſion of charms*,
To ſleep but *one night* in the *Emperor's arms*,

And lamented *their* fortune who after *one night*,
Were *for ever secluded from tasting delight :*
These *envy'd the Prince*, and would fain introduce
A custom so good into general use :
To the trial our Ladies impatiently run,
And expect repetition of similar fun.

April 19th, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

YOU complain, my dear Friend, of the time which is paſt,
Since you and your friends were amus'd with my laſt;
But pray how am I to regale you with fun,
When BURKE and the MANAGERS treat us with none?
Beſides, I've been troubled ſo much with the vapours,
At hearing the Clerk read ſuch *bundles of papers*;
I aſſure you, ſo many dry tales have been read,
So many inſipid tautologies ſaid,
That I ſeldom am free from a pain in my head:
And alas! 'tis with infinite ſorrow I ſay,
Six weeks in this manner are ſquander'd away:
But to ſhow you, I'm yet in the land of the living
And able to write, I'm determin'd on giving
Of the Queſtions and Anſwers a ſlight intimation,
As a ſpecimen only of examination:
As ſoon as the Court is prepar'd to begin,
SHERRY riſes, and begs to call MIDDLETON in,
A name at whoſe ſound there's a *general grin*:
Five days has poor MIDDLETON ſweated and ſtew'd,
Their queſtions are *artful*, his anſwers are *ſhrewd*:

He was ask'd if the Eunuch ALMAS *had a child*;
Lord THURLOW look'd *black*, and the *Ladies all smil'd*;
The witness made answer, I really can't say,
The powers of his mem'ry were melted away.

Q. Have you *e'er seen the* BEGUMS? He answer'd I've not.

Q. Pray *mention* their persons.—*A.* Indeed I've *forgot*.

Q. What may in rebellion your principles be,
Or can you the probable consequence see,
Of men rising in arms and o'er-running the nation?

A. Indeed 'tis a question of deep speculation.

Q. When the Eunuchs were fetter'd, pray what did they feel?
Were they thinking of poison, the rack, and the wheel?
Or what do think you might have been their intentions?

A. I concern not myself about their apprehensions.

Q. How many young damsels liv'd in the Khord Mhal?

A. I do not believe I can recollect all.

Q. Say, what were their wishes and what was their view?

A. I cannot remember that ever I knew.

Q. When they threaten'd to throw themselves over the wall,
What induc'd them to hazard the getting a fall?

A. *I do not remember they did so at all.*

Q. Why

Q. Why did GORDON addreſs to the BEGUM that Letter?

A. *He himſelf is in Court and can anſwer you better.*

Q. You were at Lucknow in the year eighty-two;

A. I'm inclin'd to believe what you ſay may be true.

Q. Have you any doubts of it? And if ſo, how many?

A. I believe not: I think that I cannot have any.

Q. The Pris'ner's defence, did you pen part or not?

A. I had ſome converſation with Major John SCOTT.

Q. With the counſel of HASTINGS, were you at the Hall?*

A. I might accidentally give them a call.

Q. What, go accidentally with Major SCOTT?

A. I really don't know, if I did I've forgot.

Q. Do children in India their Parents eſteem?
Do they love their Mammas'? and how ſtrong do you deem
Their affection may be? Or pray can you tell,
If Papa and Mamma are lov'd equally well?

A. Some perhaps love their Father and ſome love their Mother,
And ſome children love neither one nor the other.

Q. Does the Son by the Laws of the *Coran* ſucceed
To the Father's eſtates?—*A.* Yes: the eldeſt indeed.

* Drapers' Hall.

Q. May

Q. May the Mother that property legally keep,
Lodg'd where ſhe and her huſband did uſually ſleep?
A. I am rather inclin'd to be led, I confeſs,
To believe that the wife no ſuch right does poſſeſs.

In this manner was MIDDLETON badger'd and flurry'd,
Like a bull at a ſtake by fierce animals worry'd:
Mean while the ſevereſt ſatiric remarks,
Were made on his words, by thoſe *critical ſparks :*
Till at length LAW requeſted their LORDSHIPS would take
Compaſſion upon him for *Clemency's ſake :*
In the vaſt heap of queſtions I almoſt forgot,
To relate SHERRY's *conduct* to *Major John* SCOTT,
This witneſs he preſs'd very hard to produce
Some private remarks for the MANAGER's *uſe,*
Private Letters and all, this inquiſitor keen,
Maintains by themſelves may be *properly ſeen.*
But in this the kind MANAGER did not ſucceed,
It was thought by the LORDS an *indelicate deed :*
Sir ELIJAH was call'd, and a number of men,
All examin'd and queſtion'd again and again :
But as there was nought entertaining and new,
It could anſwer no purpoſe to write it to you :
So weary was I with this Examination,
That I almoſt reſolv'd to deſert my narration :

At length, SHERRY ſuddenly ended my ſorrow,
By declaring he meant to ſum up on the morrow;
He will ſum up the whole of the Charge as he goes,
But amidſt all theſe ſummings, *juſt under the roſe*,
'Tis ſurprizing *he never ſums up what he owes.*

May 5th, 1788

LET-

LETTER X.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

YOU ASSURE me, *dear Brother*, the comical tales
I've related, amuſe our *acquaintance* in WALES;
You beg me, as SHERRY proceeds to Impeach,
To give you in rhyme the *contents of his ſpeech.*
The taſk is too hard—for the ſpeech is ſo fine,
It eſcapes ſuch a dull underſtanding as mine.
Howe'er, to oblige you as far as I can,
I'll begin an oration as SHERRY began.
When the LORDS were aſſembl'd, and ſet in their places,
He roſe up, *brim-full of theatrical graces:*
" Permit me, my LORDS, ere I ſpeak more at large,
" To diſclaim every *motive* for making this charge.
" Has the NABOB complain'd? Is the Priſoner accus'd
" At the ſuit of *thoſe ladies* we ſay he abus'd?
" 'Tis the cauſe of mankind, led by EDMUND the brave,
" His object is man, from *man's baſeneſs* to ſave.
" The MINISTER PITT ſays, " *the Treaſury is drain'd;*"
" But all muſt admit *they are much entertain'd.*
" However, I'd have it be well underſtood,
" If we have *any motive*, 'tis certainly good.

" My LORDS, you expect proofs *conclusive and strong*;
" But in that expectation, *your Lordships are wrong*:
" From documents written, no proof can we draw,
" Nor can *any one* swear—to what *nobody saw*.
" I'm not pleading excuse for our failing in proof,
" For tho' we bring none, *we* can make out *enough*:
" I shall make out enough from the Pris'ner's defence,
" By giving *my* meaning, and taking *his* sense.
" 'Tis said, when the House *a delinquent impeaches*,
" The MANAGERS should be correct in their speeches;
" That is, they should make a plain simple narration
" Of facts, well attested, without aggravation:
" That *legal chicanery* should not assist,
" To give the *plain sense* an *ingenious twist*.
" But, *my* LORDS, by your leave, the distinction I'll trace,
" Betwixt *misdemeanour* and *capital case*;
" For unless we were certain your LORDSHIPS would " hang him,
" The MANAGERS' tongues claim a *licence* to bang him.
" The PRISONER, my LORDS, under various pretences,
" Has set up at times a long string of defences:
" My LORDS, there *was one* to the COMMONS address'd,
" But that to *your Lordships* is reckoned *the best*;
" It seems that the former was *hastily* penn'd
" By those that would do it—*acquaintance* or *friend*:

" And

" And as all common men are but commonly wiſe,
" For the COMMONS, a *common defence* would ſuffice—
" And finding *our charges* divided and ſplit,
" Each *journeyman* took what the MASTER thought fit.
" My *ſkill in finance*, Mr. SHORE, is your lot :
" My *conſcience* to prove, I rely upon SCOTT,
" And on MIDDLETON's *memory*, when I've forgot.
" He thought, as the COMMONS themſelves were de-
" puted,
" Our party, by deputy, might be confuted ;
" But now that your LORDSHIPS have call'd him before
" you,
" At your Bar it behoves him to tell his own ſtory.
" But, my LORDS, we object to this ſhifting of ground—
" For the conduct of journeymen, maſters are bound.
" Would it not be, my LORDS, moſt ſurpriſing and
" ſtrange,
" If EDMUND our CHIEF, *his opinion ſhould change ?*
" If having perſuaded the COMMONS to join
" In a vote, he ſhould take up a different line,
" And ſay, " *The impeachment was* yours, and *not* mine:"
" That he ever was HASTINGS's *friend* in his heart,
" Tho' compell'd to accept of a MANAGER's part ?"

While SHERRY was ſpeaking, I could not conceive,
Why the Lords and the Commons all laugh'd in their
ſleeve :

Why BURKE fear'd that SHERRY was out of his track,
Why FOX's dark face look'd a little more black—
But ſince I have learnt, that the picture he drew,
Was the *likeneſs of ſomething* that moſt people knew—
That BURKE and CHARLES FOX had conjointly brought forth
The very ſame arguments—*verſus*—LORD NORTH.
That CHARLES would not "truſt his dear perſon a "minute"
Alone with LORD NORTH, ſo much danger was in it.—
And BURKE, with *impeachments* the Houſe to ſupply,
Carry'd ſome in his pocket, "cut ready and dry."
I am told, it has long been his cuſtom to take 'em
Wherever he goes, like a Prieſt's "Vade Mecum."
St. STEPHEN's reſounded with SCAFFOLD and BLOCK,
NORTH fell from the Treaſury Bench with a ſhock.
"Throw a bone to a dog, and no longer he ſnarls,"—
So NORTH threw a bone out to EDMUND and CHARLES;
That is, they determin'd, if PITT had not ſeen 'em,
To ſhare all the *loaves and the fiſhes* between 'em.
From that moment have CHARLEY and EDMUND agreed,
That NORTH muſt be honeſt and noble indeed!
BURKE ſearches for elegant phraſe to commend:—
And CHARLES too is happy to call him his friend.

As

As Sherry in ſpeaking is fond of preciſion,
He adopts the *theatrical mode of diviſion :*
That is, he arranges the *plot* and the *facts*,
And the play will conſiſt of a *number of acts.*
One act was gone through when the poſt-bill was ringing,
Which unluckily puts a full ſtop to my ſinging.
Howe'er, if this letter can add to your pleaſure,
I'll ſend you another as ſoon as I've leiſure.

June 5th, 1788.

LETTER XI.

AGAIN, *my dear Brother*, I take up the quill,
My debt to *discharge*, and my promise fulfill.
Thus SHERRY began :—" Now, my Lords, I proceed
" Some loose and confus'd affidavits to read :
" I'll allow to be true every word they contain ;
" But permit *me* their *meaning* and *sense* to explain.
" My Lords, there was swearing by foot and dragoons ;
" By *vollies* some swore, and some swore by *platoons* ;
" These swearings, I call SIR ELIJAH's *collection*,
" Intended to prove a well known insurrection :
" But, my Lords, you shall presently see me victorious
" Over this insurrection, however notorious ;
" After what I have said, will the *counsel* insist
" That any rebellion did ever exist ?
" This point being settled, I now take my course,
" To ASOPH UL DOWLAH's attendants and horse :
" That he had two thousand, the *counsel* contended,
" But that's a position that can't be defended.
" My Lords, I insist that *two hundred*'s the most ;
" The rest had deserted, were jaded, or lost :
" Besides, I request it may not be forgot
" The rate ASOPH travell'd, *full gallop* or *trot* ;

" And 'twas right that the NABOB ſhould travel *incog.*
" By poſt or by *Dâuck*, without baggage or clog,
" To ſuppreſs, like himſelf, *a rebellion incog.*
" But I'll give them two thouſand, with *Bhanges* and
" *Coolies*,
" With elephants, camels, with *hackrees and doolies!*
" The *counſel* ſome proof have endeavour'd to bring,
" That the BEGUMS lent aid to the RAJAH CHEYT SING,
" One thouſand *Nejeebs*—but I boldly avow
" They were fellows with *matchlocks*, detach'd from
" LUCKNOW;
" But where ever they came from, I care not about
" 'em,
" For your Lordſhips ſhall ſee, in five minutes I'll rout
" 'em.
" SADUT ALLY, they ſay, in conſpiracy join'd,
" And I aſk'd Sir ELIJAH, why HE was not fin'd?
" Sir ELIJAH, my Lords, gave a very good reaſon,
" The man who is *poor*, can't be *guilty of treaſon.*
" His ſafety was then to *inſolvency* due—
" *An axiom, I find, inconteſtably true.*
" My Lords, I ſhall prove this commotion and riſing
" Was not of my Ladies the BEGUMS' deviſing;
" And their *Eunuchs*, poor creatures, ſo gentle and mild!
" Are unable to injure man, woman, or child.

" Colonel

" Colonel HANNAY himſelf, I can prove, was the man
" From whoſe cruelties all the diſturbance began:
" And this to eſtabliſh, *no witneſs* I call,
" Save the elegant letters of *Naylor* and *Hall.*
" The BEGUMS' Jaghire, Major *Naylor* march'd thro',
" 'Twixt the *Goomty* and *Gogra*, his route to purſue;
" Where for ſome little time his battalions were halted,
" Some RAJAH to quell, who, he ſays, had revolted.
" This revolt, I preſume, muſt have been a miſtake,
" So I paſs over that, for his memory's ſake.
" But when to the country of HANNAY he came,
" He found nothing elſe but combuſtion and flame.
" The army of rebels the *Major* o'erthrew;
" He frighted their heroes;—he wounded and ſlew.
" Theſe poor dying wretches, that made no reſiſtance,
" He offer'd to cure:—They refus'd his aſſiſtance.
" The *counſel* may ſay, 'tis from prejudice ſtrong,
" Thoſe men their exiſtence refus'd to prolong;
" That a *foreigner's touch* would a BRAMIN pollute;
" But prejudice *now* 'tis my turn to diſpute.
" Theſe folks were from ſuch fooliſh prejudice free—
" They were patriots, my LORDS, of the higheſt degree:
" They died that their blood to *their* GODS *might aſcend*,
" Who till now to their cries had not time to attend!"

Four

Four hours and a half, ere he came to a close,
Did SHERRY declaim on such topics as those:
He ended at length with a compliment fine
To BURKE, whom he stil'd "something more than
"divine!"
For giving himself this occasion to shine.
And BURKE, to whom nothing's more odious and hateful,
Than the man who for favour conferr'd is ungrateful,
Opportunity found, with *large int'rest* to pay
The compliments back, on the very same day.
One man had, it seems, the presumption to state,
The IMPEACHMENT *Expence* was enormously great:
When BURKE, in a moment, sprung up in his place,
And cry'd, as he star'd the man full in the face,
"*Such stinginess, Sir, would a nation disgrace!*
"After all the fine things we've heard SHERIDAN say,
"He's a pitiful wretch who *refuses to pay:*
"Now that genius has blinded our eyes with its flash,
"Can we *look at accounts?* Can we sum up our cash?
"After soaring above all the regions of sense,
"Can we tumble so low as to *think about pence?*
"Has not SHERRY, this morning, expos'd to your view,
"All the beauties of *Thespis*, and *Cicero* too?
"To the BISHOPS, he gave an example of preaching;
"To the COMMONS, a model of future impeaching;
"His-

" HISTORIANS, hereafter, ſhall copy his diction,
" And POETS themſelves may learn *leſſons of fiction :*
" RHETORICIANS are taught the arrangements of *flowers,*
" To the *buſkin* and *ſock* he has given new powers ;
" The PAINTERS may learn finer pictures to draw,
" And the Judges new Modes of *interpreting law.*
" From him may the Orator learn to prevail,
" By action and ſound, when his arguments fail :
" The PHILOSOPHER too, may learn nature to ſift ;
" The Attorney, to cloak a bad cauſe with a ſhift.
" Now ſince every profeſſion ſome benefit draws,
" I can't think for a moment of *ſtarving the cauſe !*"

No ſooner was EDMUND ſat down, than a *ſpark*
Aroſe in his place, and begg'd leave to remark,
" That himſelf and ſome others remember'd the day,
" When the MAN *who ſo freely votes thouſands away,*
" For hearing a ſpeech, or for ſeeing a play,
" Was once in his MAJESTY'S *Kitchen* ſo ſparing,
" As to *weigh out the cheeſe*, nay, to *pocket the paring !*"

And now, *my dear* BROTHER, I lay down my pen,
Which after next Tueſday I'll take up again.

June 8th, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

DEAR BROTHER—

WERE it not that I fear you would deem it neglect,
Or accuſe me, perhaps, of the *want of reſpect*,
I would paſs o'er in ſilence the Speech of this day;
For SIMPKIN, like SHERRY, wants ſomething to ſay.
The PEERESSES thought there would riſe a *new Sun*,
And that former out-doings would now be out-done!
At *Six* in the morning, 'tis ſaid they aroſe—
By *Eight* dreſs'd their heads, by *Nine* put on their clothes—
By *Ten* took their places in high expectation
Of ſeeing this SHERIDAN *act an oration*.
By *half after Twelve*, or at fartheſt by *One*,
The PEERS were aſſembled—the PLAY was begun.
Two hours he harangu'd, but I little remember,
"Save IMPEY and DAVY, and 12*th of December*."
He deſcrib'd a circuitous ſtring of ſuggeſtions,
And put to *the Counſel* ſome very cloſe queſtions.
He knew he might ſafely their anſwers deſy,
Since the forms of the COURT *would not let them reply*.

As

As the ſenſe of his ſpeech was but ill underſtood
By myſelf, I conclude 'twas uncommonly good.
When his genius inflammable roſe to its height,
Like LUNARDI's *Balloon*, it eſcap'd from our ſight:
And as when ſome Balloon at its equipoiſe pitch,
Loſes part of its air by the *break of a ſtitch*,
The *high-flying* HERO no remedy knows,
And the car tumbles down with more ſpeed than it roſe:
So the high-flying SHERRY diſcover'd at length,
That great Speakers may ſoar e'en too high for their ſtrength.
For juſt as his voice was rais'd up to its top,
The Court, with ſurprize, ſaw him ſuddenly ſtop.
Then ADAM ſtepp'd forward, and ſaid, "*that his friend*
"*Was ſeiz'd with a--a--trifling—and therefore muſt end.*"
This accident, Brother, muſt greatly diminiſh
The length of my letter; and here I ſhould finiſh,
Were it not that I heard ſome *odd jocular ſparks*
Converſing together, and making remarks.
A *trifling!* ſaid one, as he laugh'd very hearty,
Has long been the common *diſeaſe of the party.*
LORD CROP, who is one of your old faſhion'd Peers,
That wants to find MEANING *in all that he hears*,
Said, "our Orators *now* were not fram'd to his taſte,
"They carry no *weight*, they're conſtructed for haſte;
"And like our *Mail Coaches*, that travel ſo faſt,
"Muſt now and then get an unfortunate caſt."

One

One Gentleman ſaid, " where he reaſons on facts,
" *We find* SHERRY *dull*; but whenever *he acts*,
" In five minutes time he diſplays to our view,
" The *Tragic*, the *Comic*, the *Pantomime* too."
He added that all the great men of our nation
Would adopt a new plan for their ſons' education;
They find it now uſeleſs to lay in a ſtock
Of logic, by reading *ſuch authors as* LOCKE;
They find *graceful action* and *elegant diction*
More pow'rful than reaſon to carry conviction:
So a new ſet of tutors they mean to engage—
The very beſt actors they find on the ſtage;
Some *Maſter*, like SIDDONS, whoſe pathos excels—
Or whoſe leſſons ſhall imitate *nature* like WELLS.
And the lawyers, it ſeems, who attend the King's Courts,
No longer will trouble themſelves with reports.
The Student finds COKE *upon* LYTTLETON dry,
And with *Johnſon* and *Shakſpeare* his place will ſupply;
In ſhort, the *old* ORATOR's * anſwer is true—
" That *Action*, and *nothing but* ACTION, will do!"
Here then I conclude, and ſhall ſilent remain,
Till SHERRY begins his Oration again.

June 13th, 1788.

* Alluding to the Philoſopher, who being aſked what was the firſt qualification of an Orator, anſwered, *Action*; what the ſecond, *Action*; what the third, *Action*; meaning thereby, that *Action* was enough for an Orator.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR BROTHER, at laſt I've the pleaſure to ſay,
That the Orator clos'd his Oration this day.
Tho' EDMUND *his chief*, who ſuppoſes the ſtrength
And effect of a Speech correſpond with its length,
In a whiſper obſerv'd—" Now you find yourſelf ſtronger,
" You might as well ſpeak for a *week or two longer.*"

Thus SHERRY began :—" Much indebted I own
" Myſelf to this COURT, for the favor they've ſhewn;
" My LORDS, you'll excuſe my again going o'er
" The ground I have travers'd ſo often before;
" Your Lordſhips remember I left off with reading
" The *narrative part*—and I now am proceeding,
" To bring from behind the thick miſt of confuſion,
" A *fraudulent friendſhip*, and *friendly colluſion.*
" Theſe things came to light from the reading a letter—
" A *private epiſtle*, and ſo much the better—
" When in private and public we find contradiction,
" That letter which tends to the *Priſoner's conviction*—

" That

" That Letter alone we bring forward to view—
" Convinc'd that none elſe can be poſſibly true.
" The Pris'ner, it ſeems, thought it matter of wonder,
" That MIDDLETON gave him no part of the Plunder;
" That the diff'rence 'twixt him and his Agent was wider
" Than that between LION and *Lion's Provider:*
" That at leaſt it became an *obedient Jackal*
" To remember the *Lion*, and not ſwallow all.
" My Lords, tho' we make out no *poſitive Proof*,
" That theſe were his thoughts we've ſuſpicion enough;
" And I truſt that this Court will give ready admiſſion,
" In *failure of Proofs, to* ASSERTED SUSPICION.
" My Lords, there have been many Letters ſuppreſt,
" Some made for the purpoſe, and ſome better dreſt.
" There was one from the NABOB, by which it appears
" He wiſh'd not to take the BOW BEGUM's *Jaghires.*
" Theſe PRINCESSES had (what our Ladies would think
" Not uncommon) a *whim for good victuals and drink*—
" Too long in the habit of cutting and carving,
" To reliſh the Faſhion of pinching and ſtarving.
" Now the Priſoner, who wickedly wanted to force
" Thoſe Ladies to follow ſome deſperate courſe,
" Thought nothing ſo likely to ſtir up a riot,
" As to *weaken the Tea*, or to *alter their Diet.*
" Not all the tyrannical acts of paſt Ages,
" Not TACITUS; *No!* not the luminous Pages

" Of GIBBON *himself*, can an instance produce
" Of Authority turn'd to so wicked a use;
" No such cruelty ever was exercis'd in
" This World, since the days of ORIGINAL SIN!
" As to force an affectionate dutiful Son
" To act by *his Mother as* ASOPH has done.
" He forgot in our SHAKSPEARE that precept divine,
" *Let thy mind be untainted, and nothing design*
" *Against thy dear Mother!* No, this he forgot—
" Or if he remember'd, regarded it not.
" 'Twas hoped that the BEGUMS would openly rise,
" And assemble a Host by the sound of their cries;
" That HASTINGS might find some excuse for the mea-
" sure
" He meant to adopt with respect to their Treasure.
" But the BEGUMS, my Lords, tho' of millions bereft,
" *Could live pretty well upon that which was left:*
" They are stricken in years, they are gentle and meek;
" No resentment they feel, and no vengeance they seek,
" Ee'n now that ourselves with such zeal are pursuing
" This Man, THEY *would weep* if they heard of his ruin.
" 'Twas expedient, my Lords, that these Dames shou'd
" rebel,
" Or be thought so at least, which would answer as well.
" So IMPEY set off, and collected a pack
" Of strange *Affidavits*, some white and some black,
" And return'd with a budget brim full in a crack.

" One

" One day, the CHIEF JUSTICE was travelling post—
" The next at LUCKNOW, when, like *Old* HAMLET'S
" *Ghost*,
" *Swear! Swear!* you must *Swear!* was *Old* TRUE-
" PENNY'S cry,
" To those who stood near, and to those that pass'd by."
" My Lords, this great Man, in assessing the rate
" Of Crimes, had an eye to the wants of the State:
" JUSTINIAN and TIMUR he treated as fools,
" And was guided by COCKER'S *Numerical Rules*.
" *Ye* GUARDIANS *of Justice*, to you I appeal—
" Shall *Private* give way to the *General Weal?*
" *Ye* PRELATES, to whom our Religion belongs,
" Our Country to save, may we do private wrongs?
" To decide on this Question, my Lords, is your lot,
" Whether HASTINGS'S conduct was useful or not?
" Let the TRUTH *but* APPEAR, and the Battle is won,
" The Verdict is ours!—Now, my Lords, *I have done!*"

The *Gallery folk*, who, misled by the sport,
Conceiv'd 'twas a *Play-House, instead of a* COURT;
And thinking the Actor uncommonly good,
They CLAPP'D, and cry'd " BRAVO!" as loud as they could,
Then EDMUND gave SHERRY a hearty embrace,
And cry'd, as he sputter'd all over his face,
" *At Supper this night thou shalt have the* FIRST PLACE!"

On thy Leader's right hand be thy dignify'd ſeat;
Fat Beef and fat Mutton ſhall garniſh thy Plate;
And when thou haſt ſupp'd, to enliven the ſoul,
Shall Claret and Burgundy fill up thy Bowl!
The HEROES, who long and ſucceſsfully fight,
From the *Edicts of* HOMER eſtabliſh a right
To enjoy the rich Feaſt with BRISEIS at night.

And now, till the Court ſhall think fit to renew
The Trial, *dear* BROTHER, I bid you adieu.

June 18th, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

BROTHER SIMON IN WALES

TO

SIMPKIN THE SECOND IN LONDON.

FORGIVE me, *Dear Sim*, if I'm not deeply
ſmitten,
With your half dozen Letters ſo fluently written;
And ſince, after SHERIDANS's heart-ſtirring ſummons,
A pauſe is judg'd *prudent* by LORDS as by COMMONS:
And leiſure may leave you to liſten inclin'd,
I embrace a fit moment to tell you my mind.

Methinks, *Brother Sim*, your adventure was bold,
When you ſtepp'd forth an ape of *your Nameſake of old*:
That Simpkin ſo pleaſant, whoſe well-mingled ſatire
Ow'd no poiſon to Party, no gall to ill-nature;
From Talents and Virtue withholding his ſneer,
At Folly HE laugh'd, and the laugh was *ſincere*:
In Vanity's Vortex his models he choſe,
And *Coxcombs* and *Pedants* alone were his foes.

But you, *my dear Brother*, with feelings more nice,
Find ridicule lurking in—horror of Vice;
And efforts of Genius acute and refin'd,
That honour our Country, our Age, and Mankind,
Deform'd in your Verſe, take a farcical mien,
Where Pleaſantry check'd, wears the features of Spleen,
Too angry for Humour, for Cenſure too gay,
Your irony dies in plain ſtory away.
And, while we lament that your Arrows are ſhot,
Where Envy and Party in vain ſeek a blot,
We cannot avoid, *Brother Simkin*, be ſure,
Suſpecting your motives may not be quite pure.
And thus, when you tell us you're glad to the heart,
" * *That the* ORATOR SHERRY *has finiſh'd his part*;"
When you ſay " *that ſome Letters are meant for* CONVIC-
" TION,"
We own that you there drop the *language of Fiction.*
Beware, *Brother Simpkin*, this Painter ſublime,
Who has lately engroſs'd your beſpattering Rhyme,
In a playful effuſion of Fancy has ſhewn,
A PORTRAIT that ſome may miſtake for *your own*;
A *Plagiary Author*, Retailer of Scraps,
Purloin'd from a Brother—from ANSTEY perhaps:
All Candour without, all Envy within,
A Smile ill concealing the horrible grin;

* Vide Simpkin's 6th Letter.

Who fain would be witty and archly ſevere,
While from eyes ſwoln with rage, guſhes forth the hot tear.
The *Picture in* PARSONS yet gladdens the ſcene,
Nor need I repeat, 'tis SIR FRETFUL I mean.

Then warn'd, *my dear Brother*, with SHERRY have done,
Nor hang up your Blanket 'twixt us and the Sun;
For lo! through the pores of your thread-bare deſign,
The rays of the God more reſplendently ſhine.

July 1ſt, 1788.

LETTER XV.

SIMPKIN THE SECOND,

NOTICING SIMON.

SOME fellow, *dear Brother*, assuming your name,
My Letters to you have thought proper to blame;
His Censure's convey'd in a dissonant Chime,
With *one Line for Sense*, and *another for Rhyme!*
He talks about "SHERIDAN's heart-stirring Sum-
"mons,"
For no other use but to *jingle* with *Commons*;
Then he speaks of "*Old* SIMPKIN, whose well-mingled
"satire
"Ow'd no Poison to Party, no gall to ill-nature."
Such uncouth ideas in every line
Prove clearly, the Writer's *no Brother of mine.*
He tells me, forsooth, "that he's not deeply smitten
"With my half dozen Letters so fluently written;"
Were he not below notice, some lines I would write him,
That, if he can feel, should effectually smite him.
One moment *he thinks*, and the next *he is sure*,
That "my motive for writing is not very pure."

If SIMPKIN *the Second* he really knew,
He would own, with a blush, his *Suspicion untrue.*
By his boldly obtruding *Suspicion* for KNOWLEDGE,
One would think him a *Student of* SHERIDAN's *College*;
But when I consider how feeble his Pen,
SHERRY never could own him—*as one of his Men.*
Once more then, *dear Brother*, I bid you adieu,
And will write nothing more till *requested by you.*

P. S.—As to SHERRY himself—just to fill up the void,
In suppressing all Theatres, now he's employ'd;
And having in ACTING accomplish'd some Fame,
He's preventing all others—from doing the same.
For that excellent Precept has ne'er met his eye,
"*Do to others, oh Man! as thou wouldst be done by.*"

July 8th, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

THE

REAL SIMON IN WALES,

TO

SIMPKIN THE SECOND IN LONDON.

MY *dear Brother* SIMPKIN, with heartfelt concern,
From reading *The* WORLD *of last Monday*, I learn,
That some impudent Knave had the boldness to send you
Some lines *in my name*, with a view to offend you.
The work I disclaim, and 'tis my resolution,
If I find out the rogue, to commence prosecution.
No, BROTHER, your letters must always delight us,
And we hope you will ever continue to write us.
When the *Simpleton* call'd you "Retailer of Scraps,"
One would think that he meant to give SHERIDAN slaps:
Of novelty careless, *you* only profess
To give SHERIDAN's *speech*, a *poetical dress*.

Sir LAWRENCE LLEWELLYN, return'd to his seat,
Last night gave his friends, the electors, a treat;

Sir

Sir LAWRENCE, you know, is a man of high breeding,
And excessively fond of *theatrical reading*;
He said, SHERRY's *Speech* was an excellent piece
" Of *patch work*, with shreds brought from ROME and
" from GREECE;
" But should Poets and Orators try him for theft—
" Like the *jackdaw* of old, would a feather be left?"
Sir LAWRENCE observ'd, 'twas exceedingly odd,
To hear of an actor becoming a God.
But he thinks this *new* GOD, should in gratitude foster
And support his Creator,—this Simon *impostor*.
Sir LAWRENCE consider'd the scribler's obtrusion
Of Sir FRETFUL, a very unhappy allusion.
Now, I bid you farewell, till the PARLIAMENT ends,
When I hope, *my dear* SIMPKIN will visit his friends.

July 15th, 1788.

LET-

PART THE SECOND.

PART THE SECOND.

LETTER XVII.

SIMPKIN to his DEAR BROTHER SIMON, IN WALES.

HUZZA, *my dear Boy! Renovation of* FUN!
The curtain's drawn up, and the Play is begun!
You have read in POPE's *Homer*, how *royal* ATRIDES
Used to summon to council, that *bully* TYDIDES;
MENELAUS, *the cuckold*—strong AJAX; sage NESTOR,
ULYSSES, the crafty—THERSYTES, the jester:
With *worthies*, like those, he was wont to debate,
How to conquer *old* PRIAM, and ruin his state.
To each separate leader, that part he assign'd
As would best suit the pow'rs of his body and mind.
For sloth and remissness, he *some* reprehended,
And some, for their courage and zeal, he commended.
So *the* POST and *the* HERALD announce to their readers,
Has EDMUND, *great* EDMUND, that *leader of leaders*,
To council conven'd the whole *corps of conductors*,
With *Attornies* and *Counsellors*, *legal instructors*.
When they all were assembled,—BURKE rose to explain
The plan he had form'd for the opening campaign.

"Ye

" Ye *lingual champions*, would the ALMIGHTY bless
" Our unremitted labours with success,
" Soon should we stretch this EASTERN VICTIM low,
" And proudly triumph o'er our hated foe.
" But HEAVEN, alas! to us its aid denies,
" HASTINGS, e'en yet, is favour'd by the skies;
" *Eight tedious years* have passed, since I began
" To war with this unconquerable man;
" All means, all arts, all stratagems I've try'd,
" And fought with Fox and PARTY on my side;
" For terms opprobrious, ransack'd JOHNSON through,
" Till JOHNSON's *learning yielded nothing new.*
" I tax'd my brain, inventive, to traduce
" The foe, by strong diversify'd abuse;
" But vain my toil, the public still admire
" The man who boldly braves a PATRIOT's *ire.*
" Oft has despair excited me to yield,
" And leave my foe the honour of the field.
" But now I see *one ray of comfort spring,*
" While NOBLES mourn *the sickness of the* KING.
" *Come then, my* HEROES, be the fight renew'd,
" And WARREN HASTINGS may be yet subdu'd."

Here EDMUND ceas'd—th' assembled Chiefs agreed,
'Twas *theirs* to follow, as 'twas *his* to lead.

Then

Then BURKE resum'd—" *My friends*, bear well in mind,
" The part to each bold leader I've assign'd;
" *The Heaven-born Lawyer*, FOX, shall singly stand,
" Oppos'd to yonder formidable band;
" His powerful eloquence shall over-awe
" DALLAS and PLUMER, with *their leader* LAW,
" *Their* weaker notes, *his* thund'ring voice shall drown,
" His *eye-brows* awe them with terrific frown.
" By some fine turn to ward a dangerous hit,
" Or gall the enemy with strokes of wit;
" To paint the Matron's wrongs, or cause to flow
" The tears of pity, for *fictitious woe*;
" The various beauties of the STAGE to cull,
" Give life and spirits, when the COURT grows dull;
" To please the Ladies, make the audience merry,
" My hope and confidence are plac'd on SHERRY;
" But let him heedful of the darts he sends,
" Wound not *obliquely*, as before, *his* FRIENDS.

" To prove in TACTICS, HASTINGS' want of skill,
" His *military plans*, concerted ill;
" To prove that long, unparallel'd *success*
" Makes, if well understood, *his merit less*;
" That 'tis not CONQUEST stamps the *Hero* GREAT,
" Since *honours*, *wealth*, and *fame*, *attend* DEFEAT:
" This be *thy* glorious task, *oh*, *great* BURGOYNE!
" And NORTH and ERSKINE, if they please, may join.

" ANSTRUTHER, ADAM, TAYLOR, MAITLAND, GREY,
" May as occasions rise, come into play.
" Should SHERRY's wit, or CHARLES's reasoning fail,
" They, to consume the time, may storm and rail:
" With dirt and mud, bedawb the PRISONER thick,
" *Perchance some fragments on his coat may stick.*

" You, *brother* DICK, shall be our *serjeant Prime*,
" The *fugal-man*, to watch, and give the time.
" When sparks of wit illuminating shine,
" I'll *try the wink*—do you *repeat the sign*,
" And, in loud laughter, let the Phalanx join.

" DOUGLAS, the *green bag* I consign to thee;
" Let LAWRENCE hand *each document* to me.
" I trust the banquet to th'ATTORNEY's skill;
" TROWARD shall tax, and pay the *landlord's bill.*
" These, COADJUTORS, be your separate tasks,
" These are the duties which *your* LEADER asks."

He said—and bursts of general applause
Presag'd their future ardour in the cause.
The *meaner part* to *youthful* GREY assign'd,
Corrosive prey'd on his aspiring mind:
His pride was touch'd, his vanity was hurt;
A SCAVENGER, *forsooth!* and *deal in dirt!*

With

With eye indignant, viewing *Marshal* BURKE,
He cried, " My soul disdains such paltry work;
" For *throwing mud*, and all such vulgar stuff,
" Thou need'st no aid—*thyself canst throw enough!*
" No—let the part *I* take be *nobly large*,
" I *singly* claim the *conduct of a* CHARGE;
" I pant, I burn, for Oratoric fame,
" With FOX, with SHERIDAN, to join *my* name.
" If this my just request shall be deny'd,
" EDMUND *farewell! I take the better side.*"

BURKE, in reply, thus sooth'd his *testy friend*:
" Thy warmth I pardon, and thy zeal commend;
" To thee hereafter, I'll a CHARGE consign,
" And thou, *another* SHERIDAN shalt shine!
" When *change of pow'r* puts PITT within my reach,
" Or NORTH, or *I*, will *that rash Boy* IMPEACH!
" Not PITT *alone*, but *more* we have in view—
" ALL who approv'd *the* * *Phantom*, we'll pursue.
" Of aid like thine, we then shall stand in need,
" And causes various thou shalt have to plead."

* See the Debates on the Regency Bill.—When this letter was written, the Managers were in daily expectation of filling the highest offices of the State.

Here *the meeting broke up*, so I've only to add,
It is strongly suspected, that EDMUND *is mad!*
For he means, as we hear, straight to level a charge
Against PITT, *both the* HOUSES, and NATION at large!
LORDS and COMMONS he reprobates loudly, for closing
With PITT's *limitations*, and PITT for proposing:
In his *moments of phrensy*, his rage he expresses,
'Gainst those COUNTIES and TOWNS that have sign'd the *addresses*.
Like CAIN, he has made HUMAN NATURE *his foe*,
And at all who approach him, he levels a blow.

Here my Letter I close, but should EDMUND's *proceeding*
Supply me with aught that is worthy your reading,
Be assur'd, I shall quickly dispatch you another;
For the present, I rest your affectionate Brother.

February 16th, 1789.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

SIMON IN WALES

TO HIS

DEAR BROTHER SIMPKIN IN LONDON,

WHAT a ſtrange world it is, BROTHER SIMPKIN! we're in,
Of lies and confuſion, of folly and ſin!
And *the right* and *the wrong* ſeems ſo twiſted about,
That I'm ſure at this diſtance they can't be found out.

But PARTY I fear is the cauſe of the *baſtings*,
So laviſhly given to poor WARREN HASTINGS.
And I oftentimes think all the MANAGERS cruel—
That their FIRE is *reſentment*, and MALICE the *fuel*;
Elſe why ſhould DICK SHERRY, and good MASTER BURKE
On the ſubject of *plunder* and DEBTS make ſuch work?
Dire ſpectres of MASSACRE call up to view,
When they ſurely might know, *not a word of it's true.*
Indeed I muſt own that I pity the ears,
Of their LORDSHIPS, the BISHOPS, and DIGNIFIED PEERS;

I pity the Ladies, ſo modeſt and nice,
Who heard all the *filthy deſcriptions of vice.*
And which, while the SPEAKER ſo laviſhly paint,
Some Ladies ſuppos'd the beſt thing was—*a faint*;
But even for HASTINGS a *ſomething* I feel,
Which by chance may be wrong—but my heart is not ſteel;
For I ſee him ſurrounded, by foes, in his chair,
Who attack him like dogs that *are bating a bear*;
While he's nothing to do but obſerve what they ſay,
And expend the NET SUM OF THREE HUNDRED A DAY!

As for EDMUND, who *ſickens the Senate with prate*,
I've not got a doubt but he's crack'd in the pate;
For whether 'tis BEGUMS, or WARS, or the NATION,
He's ſure to come forth with a *damn'd botheration*,
While his ſpeech is ſo crowded with tropes and alluſion,
With logic, and metaphor, wit, and confuſion;
Is ſo gay, and pathetic, or ſolemnly deep,
That *his* FRIENDS run away, and *his* FOES *fall aſleep.*
A ſimile oft I've endeavour'd to find
For this man, but could never get one to my mind.
Yet I think—he reſembles a *ruſty conductor*
That *points* to the HEAV'NS, but is *fix'd to a ſtructure*,
That *hourly* contends with the elements' rage,
But a *flaſh of true* LIGHTNING gets *once in an age.*

Well,

Well, I truſt WARREN HASTINGS has worth to defy all
The bitter attacks of his foes, at his trial;
That truth and integrity, plac'd in the ſcale
'Gainſt dark perſecution, will ever prevail;—
But hold—let me ſtop—what a race have I run,
Dear SIMPKIN! another ten words, and I've done.

I hope very ſoon you will ſend me a letter,
Confirming the news that His MAJESTY's better,
But the STOCKS ſtill inform me, in ſpite of diſguiſe—
For they fall when HE's *worſe; when he mends, why they rise;*
Yet never before was ſuch great conſternation
Betray'd,—from the dread of a *new* 'MINISTRATION;
One would think from the general terror, I ſwear,
That their conduct, and characters, ar'n't very fair.
But of this I know nothing, and heedleſs of ſcandal,
I value plain truth in a TURK, or a VANDAL.—

Sure PITT merits praiſes, in proſe as in rhime,
For the ſtand he has made at this critical time;
And of HIM and his PHALANX we proudly may ſing,
For *their guard of the* COUNTRY, and *care of the* KING
Yet ſtories by ſome ſpread abroad of the PRINCE,
A ſpirit of cruelty rather evince—!
For ſurely, *my* BROTHER! it ne'er could have been,
That his HIGHNESS each night at the OP'RA was ſeen!

That he gave himself up to the FOLLIES *of* FASHION,
And lost in *wild riot the* TEARS *of* COMPASSION:
That when thro' the country swift sorrow had run,
The FATHER *was pitied by* ALL, *but the* SON!—
That *clubs*, and *gay parties*, and *music*, and *glee*,
Were the types of that feeling, *none wanted but* HE,—
That by REGENCY *cares* not a moment oppress'd,
As usual, he drank, and he sung, and he dress'd;
And mocking propriety, grasp'd at dominion,
But scorn'd *e'en to flatter* the PUBLIC OPINION.

Such stories as these are the work of the devil,
Contriv'd by the base, for the purpose of evil,
And far other treatment he ought to have prov'd,
As doubtless he wept for the PARENT he lov'd,
In *decent retirement* has kept out of sight,
And lost in his anguish *the taste of delight*;
Has duly consider'd the prospect before him,
And taught all the people t'admire and adore him.
Dear SIMPKIN *adieu!* I have nought more to send——
But remain your affectionate BROTHER and FRIEND.

SIMON.

23d February, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

AT length, *my dear* BROTHER, with pleasure I tell
Yourself and my friends, that His MAJESTY's *well!*
The MONARCH whose sickness *his subjects* deplor'd,
By the *blessing of* HEAVEN, again is RESTOR'D!

You remember perhaps, that I formerly said,
'Twas suspected that EDMUND was *touch'd in the head*;
Some thought my assertion was matter of sport,
But now all the Papers confirm the report;
They describe him one day full of spirits and gladness,
The next like a *spectre*, dejected with sadness,
In the BOOKSELLERS' SHOPS, seeking *Books* upon MADNESS;
At St. LUKE's and in BEDLAM inspecting the cells,
To see in what comfort INSANITY *dwells*.

Till his friends can provide a fit keeper, they say,
He is under the care and tuition of GREY;
Who permits not *his patient* to join in debate,
Without *feeling his pulse*, to *discover his* STATE.

So

So knowing is GREY, he can tell by the touch,
If EDMUND's in danger of ſaying too much;
When his viſage grows red, or his pulſe becomes ſtrong,
GREY knows, if he ſpeaks, 'twill be *flamingly wrong*:
One day when BURKE ſpoke, and GREY fail'd to attend him,
To the *Tower* ſome whiſper'd a motion to ſend him,
But others more tender, lamenting his caſe,
Thought BEDLAM by far a more ſuitable place.

You will aſk, to what cauſe is his malady owing?
In this, like yourſelf, I am very unknowing;
Diſcuſs'd it has been, but as yet undecided,
On this point his acquaintance and friends are divided.
Some ſay, that his ſpirits, inflammably hot,
Boil and bubble at times like a SOAP-BOILER's *Pot*,
And that the eruptions which happen'd of late,
Were nothing in fact, but *the ſteam of his* PATE.
The DOCTORS, to ſhew their deep learning, explain
How ideas by friction may wear out the brain;
And compare the inſide of *the Orator's head*
To an old woman's *carding cloth* worn to a thread.
The METHODISTS ſay, that his conſcience is ſtung
By his conduct political when he was young;
But others will have it—to this very hour,
He would ruin the kingdom, if 'twas in his power.

The

The CLERGY believe his disorder a sign,
Of *just retribution*, and *vengeance divine*;
But the major part think, his finances disjointed,
His ambition all humbled, his hopes disappointed,
Have occasion'd a *fever malignant*, and thence
They account for the frequent PRIVATIONS *of sense*;
But if it be true, that the MONARCH's neglect
Of merit, can cause such a dismal effect;
Were it certain a lucrative office would cure him,
And enable the COMMONS *again to endure him*;
We all should solicit his MAJESTY's *grace*,
And if possible get him a PAYMASTER's *place*.

But when you reflect on the wonderful change,
In political prospects, you'll not think it strange,
That BURKE should go out of his mind, or perhaps
If you hear by next post of CHARLES's FOX's *relapse*,
Or of SHERIDAN's creditors *op'ning their throats*,
Having touch'd upon some *most unmusical* NOTES.

[This SHERIDAN, Brother, observe, is the same,
Who assumes in the papers JOE SURFACE's *name*;
This last to adopt is henceforth my intention,
Just honour to do to the *author's invention*;
HE *himself* gave the *name*, and the character drew
As he look'd in his glass—So the LIKENESS *is true*.]

To

To return—*this* TRIUMVIRATE, ſcarce a week ſince,
Were coming in *Miniſters* under the PRINCE,
And there can be no doubt but the general voice
Had loudly applauded His HIGHNESS's *choice*;
For who like JOE SURFACE is ſkill'd in *finance*?
Or can equal CHARLES FOX in the *doctrine of* CHANCE?
Leſs judgement it needs in this critical age,
To *govern a* KINGDOM than *manage a* STAGE.

That invention is ever the daughter of need,
Is one of thoſe truths in which all are agreed;
And thoſe who beheld the moſt difficult ſcenes,
Have quickeſt conceptions of WAYS *and of* MEANS;
What exhauſtleſs reſources *that genius* diſplays,
Who neither the *intereſt nor principal pays!*
Who even additional credit can get,
From ad INFINITUM *increaſing his debt!*

Now, ſince to this Nation her debts are diſtreſſing,
Such MINISTERS muſt be a NATIONAL *bleſſing*:
And BURKE, when in humour and office, was fit
To amuſe the *young members* with ſallies of wit;
With ſome funny ſtory a laugh to create,
And divert their attention from matters of ſtate.
Indeed I muſt think, tho' I dare not aver,
ROYAL WISDOM in ſome points is ſubject to err,

For

For no men of judgement would e'er have expected,
That talents ſo uſeful ſhould be ſo neglected.
Howe'er as the KING is reſtor'd to his health,
They muſt bid adieu to HOPE, HONOUR, and WEALTH.
Their *dreams* of AMBITION deluſive are fled,
For the Miniſter's yet not OFFICIALLY *dead*;
PITT falſifies JOSEPH'S *prophetic expreſſion*,
Concerning his "laſt dying ſpeech and confeſſion."
The TRIUMVIRATE now may go ſeparate ways—
JOE SURFACE again to the writing of Plays;
CHARLES FOX on the Continent finiſh his ramble,
Or teach the *young* PRINCES at BROOKES's to gamble;
And BURKE, if he ever recovers his ſenſes,
May harangue to the LORDS, when the TRIAL commences.

SIMPKIN.

P. S. The LORDS and the COMMONS of IRELAND have ſent
COMMISSIONERS here, an addreſs to preſent,
To make the PRINCE *Regent*, which now, to be ſure,
Proves rather precipitate and premature;
This, however, affords little matter for wonder,
As the IRISH, you know, *have a* LICENCE *to* BLUNDER.

March 10, 1789.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

YOU tell me, *dear* SIMON, the *lads of the leek*,
Expect me to ſend them a letter a week;
The taſk is too hard, but I would not refuſe 'em,
Could I find out new matter enough to amuſe 'em:
At preſent, I take up the pen to relate,
What is ſaid to have paſt at *a whiggiſh debate*:
When the WHIGS were inform'd, 'twas His MAJESTY's will,
A ſtop ſhould be put to *the Regency Bill*,
The concern, which they felt at *not getting their places*,
Was meaſur'd exact by the *length of their faces*:
One day and one night they devoted to *ſorrow*,
And a council was held at his GRACE's the morrow.

DIALOGUE.

DUKE.—" Well this to be ſure is exceedingly hard;
" Why, CHARLES, did you play that unfortu-
" nate card?
" Had you never brought forward *that Claim for*
" *the* PRINCE.
" We had all been in office theſe *many weeks ſince*.

BURKE.—" With your GRACE in opinion, I fully agree,
" This comes from his not being *guided by me*;
" 'Tis seldom or never that CHARLES conde-
" scends,
" In making a speech to consult with his friends.
" To be guided by you"—(said CHARLES FOX
with a sneer)
" By old Counsellor BURKE, pray, my LORD,
" did you hear?

BURKE.—" Yes, guided by me, and I boldly aver,
" When you act from yourself, you do nothing
" but err."
(Fox *sneering again)* " I can make no defence,
" But must bow to your honour's oracular sense."
BURKE felt from the manner in which CHARLEY
spoke,
The keen edge of this cutting, ironical joke:
He fir'd in a moment, the explosion was louder,
Than a mine when the match is applied to the
powder.
" Perdition and death! have I liv'd to these
" years
" To be flouted and huff'd by unmannerly jeers?
" Can a man of *my dignity* ever submit,
" To be treated with *scorn*, or insulted with *wit?*
" You

" You know very well, that if EDMUND withdraws
" His aid and ſupport, there's an end of your
" cauſe:
" His aid from the *Greeks*, when ACHILLES
" withdrew,
" Remember how HECTOR their armies o'erthrew,
" What numbers he captiv'd, what thouſands he
" ſlew.
" Were the party of *my reputation* bereft,
" There would not be a rag of good character leſt.
" By the public what right has the *ſon to be truſted*,
" Whoſe father's accounts *are as yet unadjuſted?*
" Who poſſeſs'd of large property, threw it away,
" Upon women and wine, or diſpers'd it by play:
" From the party ſhou'd I, like ACHILLES ſecede,
" They would be contemptible wretches indeed."
JOE SURFACE leſs patient than CHARLES, or the
DUKE,
Was ſtung to the quick by this pointed rebuke;
He began in a manner ſarcaſtic and t[illegible]ing,
" A truce, Mr. BURKE, with Thraſonical vaunting;
" Why ſing your own praiſe, when we know there
" was never
" *A hero more bold*, or *a ſtateſman ſo clever*.
" We feel ourſelves honour'd by EDMUND's *con-*
" *nection*,
" And in ſafety fight under his friendly protection.
" Thro'

" Thro' him we have purchas'd immenſe reputations,
" By pleading the cauſe of unquerulous nations,
" Of DOWAGER BEGUMS *that never complain'd,*
" Of Hardſhips and Cruelties *never ſuſtain'd.*
" How highly the people applaud us for ſhewing
" Our zeal, to effect a late GOVERNOR's *ruin,*
" To whom as all parties unite in confeſſion,
" BRITAIN owes at this day *all her Eaſtern poſſeſſion;*
" With gratitude mov'd, they admire our depriving
" *That man of ſubſiſtence, by whom they are thriving;*
" *Popularity, credit,* and *fame* we obtain,
" From the deeds of ACHILLES this preſent campaign.
" How gen'rous, how bold, how heroic a thing,
" *'Tis to treat with contempt an unfortunate King!*
" In terms of reproach, and in language diſloyal,
" To animadvert on the *malady royal:*"
In this manner ſarcaſtical JOSEPH was ſhowing,
What vaſt obligations to EDMUND *are owing:*
When EDMUND thus anſwer'd—" This language
" from JOE,
" Makes good what I prophesy'd ſome months ago;
" I ſaw as in favour he grew with *his Highneſs,*
" *He treated his friends with ſatirical dryneſs.*
" And now the ungrateful is rais'd to the top,
" He thinks he's no longer in need of a prop,
" *But I truſt I ſhall ſoon ſee him ſuddenly drop.*

" I'll *leave opposition*, this day, I assure ye,
" I'll resign you a prey to the *Minister's fury*.
" When PITT is no longer in dread of my thunder,
" What hero can keep his audacity under."
JOE—" You may go when you please, we can do well
" without you,
" *Not one of the party cares sixpence about you.*"
Then COURTNAY observing, the storm that was brewing,
Unless guarded against, must involve them in ruin,
Thus spoke—" 'Tis with infinite sorrow I see,
" That the heads of a party can thus disagree.
" When I think of the Orator's tergiversation,
" And leaving us all in a perilous station,
" My arteries suffer a strong palpitation."
But now as the heroes were cutting and fooling,
A servant announc'd that the *dinner was cooling*;
The agreeable news put an end to debating,
And like HOMER's heroes they all fell to eating.
The Port and the Claret went merrily round,
And discord itself in a bumper was drown'd.

March 28th, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

I TOLD you, *dear* BROTHER, a month or two back,
That BURKE was preparing another attack.
After fixing, unfixing, refixing the day,
The LORDS have at length put an end to delay,
So EDMUND came forward attended by GREY.
You have frequently heard, that with men of the FIST,
BOTTLE-HOLDERS, like SECONDS, make part of the list.
And thence the new fashion, 'tis probable, sprung
To appoint BOTTLE-HOLDERS *to men of the* TONGUE:
So EDMUND, intending to batter the ears
Of the CHANCELLOR, JUDGES, and *dignify'd* PEERS,
Has his *bottle-man* also, and frequently sips,
To wash out his mouth, and to moisten his lips.

Thus EDMUND began—" We are come from a place
" Where we heard a great deal about MERCY and
" GRACE;
" About *thanking the* LORD for restoring the KING,
" Which most people think a *desirable thing*;
" But, my LORDS, the best praise we can offer to GOD,
" Is freely to exercise JUSTICE's *Rod*:

" Some curious folks in another place, ask
" In how *many years* more we ſhall finiſh our taſk?
" My anſwer is ſhort—that I cannot pretend
" To form an idea of *when it will end.*
" When the purpoſe for which it was firſt undertaken
" Is anſwer'd, *'tis likely* it may be forſaken.
" But I cannot conceive that the duty is hard,
" Since *labour for labour* is ample reward.

" If much of the ſeſſions already is ſpent,
" It aroſe from a late moſt afflictive event.
" What with *mourning*, *rejoicing*, *thankſgiving* and *preach-*
" *ing*,
" We have not had time to proceed with IMPEACHING;
" But I truſt that *both* HOUSES will now be at leiſure
" To hear me go on with new vigour and pleaſure.

" The ſtory, my Lords, which I now have to tell,
" 'Tis probable may not be reliſh'd ſo well.
" No BEGUM of fierce violation complains;
" No RAJAH groans under the weight of his chains;
" And ſorry I am, that I cannot regale
" Your ears with a RAPE, or *ſome delicate tale*,
" 'Tis but ſeldom indeed, in theſe liberal times,
" Opportunity ſerves of committing *ſuch crimes.*

" But

" But before I the ſubtle diſtinctions deſcribe
" Between PEESHCUSH, and NEZER, and RISHWET,
" a bribe,
" You muſt know that the people whoſe cauſe we are
" pleading,
" Have tranſmitted PETITIONS to ſtay our proceeding:
" They roundly aſſert, *that* THEY *never ſuſtain'd*
" *Thoſe cruel diſtreſſes of which* WE *complain'd.*
" The petitions, I grant, are *authentic* and *true;*
" But, *my* LORDS, what is THAT to *the* COMMONS, or
" YOU?
" It can't ſave the PRIS'NER, I venture to ſay,
" Since all muſt allow WE know better than THEY;
" And like the OLD BAILEY, in this caſe, I hope,
" Good *character clearly* PRESAGES *a rope.*"

Juſt here, BURKE was ſeiz'd with a drought on his lip,
So he juſt ſaid, " My Lords," and repeated his ſip—
" The Pris'ner, my LORDS, while he fill'd that high ſta-
" tion,
" Was the ſource of corruption and baſe peculation;
" All kinds of corruption were of his contrivance,
" Or ſupported at leaſt by his purchas'd connivance:
" For when the DEWANNY, my Lords, was withdrawn,
" From the NABOB's inſtructor, MAHMED REZA
" CAWN,

" Not a man could be met with ſo virtuous and juſt,
" As to fill that important reſpectable truſt:
" Not a man could be met with ſufficiently wiſe:—
" Then to whom do you think he directed his eyes?
" To *a female*, my LORDS, the DEWANNY he gave,
" To a *dancing girl* truly, that ſprung from a ſlave.
" I do not allude to thoſe *elegant dances*
" Whereby *a fair lady her beauty enhances*;
" But to that kind of dancing which young men admire,
" In Ladies that ſkip it and dance it *for hire*.
" MUNNY BEGUM, the object of HASTINGS' election,
" Sole Regent was made, without any *reſtriction*.
" *No reſtrictions, my* LORDS, ſhe was perfectly free,
" As *Regents*, I think, *ſhould in general be*.
" But the powers of Regent alone would not do,
" He made her ARCHBISHOP, and CHANCELLOR too.
" The NABOB's *dear perſon*, his armies and treaſure,
" Were all at *this* BEGUM's, the dancing girl's, pleaſure.
" And here let me aſk, can your LORDSHIPS ſuppoſe
" That *he* was not paid for it—*under the roſe?*
" Was it likely that HASTINGS theſe offices gave her
" Without *ſome return* from the PRINCESS's *favor?*
" And we could eſtabliſh againſt him, with eaſe,
" *Three hundred and fifty odd thouſand* RUPEES,
" If the man who inform'd us that HASTINGS was fee'd,
" Had not *died on the gallows*, for *forging a deed*.

" The

" The counſel may urge, that no credit is due :
" To a wretch that *was hang'd*—that it *cannot be true.*
" But let them beware how on this they inſiſt,
" Leſt I add a new charge to the *criminal liſt*—
" That HASTINGS and IMPEY concerted a plan,
" *To* MURDER *a noble, an innocent man.*
" Suppoſe that ſome ſcandalous fellow ſhould ſay,
" An ARCHBISHOP in robes had robb'd on the Highway,
" Or a CHANC'LOR been publicly guilty of *plunder*,
" We all ſhould receive it as matter of wonder ?
" But whenever we hear of an *Eaſtern* NABOB,
" We annex the idea of *plunder* and *job*,
" We *preſume* on his guilt from this circumſtance ſtrong'
" And 'tis not in nature that WE ſhould be *wrong* :
" The PRIS'NER's vaſt ſtomach, your LORDSHIPS will
" find,
" Occaſion'd a *famine* wherever he din'd ;
" And indeed it is wonderful how he could eat
" *Up two hundred pound*, at a *ſingle day's treat !*
" MUNNY BEGUM, who fed him, would frequently ſay,
" It coſt her two hundred pound ſterling a day.
" HASTINGS eat *in three months* what was meant to ſup-
" port
" A *hundred black Peers* at the PRINCESS's court ;
" And whilſt this *ſtrange glutton* was laviſhly fed,
" A hundred old nobles were ſtarving for bread.

" Like a *vulture* he ſnatches the food from the grave,
" Nor preys EAGLE-*like*, on the *living* and *brave*.
" Ye PRELATES and BISHOPS, ſuppoſe if you pleaſe,
" An intruder ſhould lick up *the fat of your* SEES;
" Or ſuppoſe that a man without any pretenſion,
" Should devour at a meal any *nobleman's penſion?*"

As EDMUND was earneſtly putting theſe caſes,
It ſomewhat affected their reverend faces.
Howe'er, BURKE went on with his pleaſant oration,
Till, as uſual, he ſtopp'd to repeat his potation.
Whene'er he grew dry, to his DOCTOR he beckon'd,
Who acted this day BOTTLE-HOLDER, and SECOND.
When his patient was tir'd, GREY would read us a letter,
By way of amuſement, till EDMUND was better.
Thus being alternately BUTLER and *Reader*,
Four hours he ſupported his eloquent leader.

But to finiſh the ſubject—When EDMUND had rail'd
Four hours againſt HASTINGS, his energy fail'd;
And in ſpite of his *bottle*, and *frequently drinking*,
He found that his ſtrength and his ſpirits were ſinking;
But indeed I muſt own, he poſſeſſes more vigour
Than one could expect from his *manner* and *figure*:
At length quite exhauſted, the Lords he addreſs'd,
On the MANAGER's *part*, with an humble requeſt,

That

That they would be pleas'd, for that day to adjourn,
To give time for his ſpirits and ſtrength to return.
I hope you will like this epiſtle, *dear* BROTHER,
And if EDMUND finds matter, I'll ſend you another.

SIMPKIN,

April 25th, 1789.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

LAST WE'NSDAY, DEAR BROTHER, I went to the COURT,
Expecting from BURKE *a renewal of ſport*;
Where, like others, I found myſelf *much diſappointed*
By the Orator's faculties being disjointed.
The cauſe of his illneſs I wanted to find,
And heard many whimſical reaſons aſſign'd:
Some ſaid the diſeaſe was increas'd in his head;
Some ſaid he was drunk, and lay ſtretch'd on his bed;
Some thought he was ſeiz'd with a fit of the vapours,
At ſomething that morning *in one of the papers*—
That a certain GREAT PERSONAGE meant to inſiſt
On expunging his name from the COUNCILLORS' LIST.

Being thus diſappointed I haſten'd away
To ST. STEPHEN'S, to hear what the COMMONERS ſay:
There I found MAJOR SCOTT, by Petition, was trying
To reſtrain able Speakers from wilfully lying;
But if BURKE's not allow'd to ſay more than is true,
He'll furniſh no matter for writing to you,
And I muſt, of neceſſity, bid you adieu.

When EDMUND recover'd, the PAPERS gave warning
Of his ſpeaking again the next Saturday morning;
So I went to the Hall, and reſum'd my old ſtation,
Expecting another moſt brilliant Oration—
But, alas! *my dear Brother*, you muſt not accuſe
ME of *Dullneſs* this day, if I fail to amuſe;
For BURKE, tho' he ſpoke for three hours, or more,
Only *travers'd the ground he had travers'd* BEFORE.
His language was *beautiful*, vaſtly *ſublime*,
And I wiſh I could do it *ſtrict juſtice in rhime*:
He drew a ſtrange picture of HASTINGS's diet;
Of his feaſt on diſgraces, of his *infamy* riot.
In Corruption, the Pris'ner's delight is to lie,
And " *in excrement wallow, like pigs in a ſtye.*"
" To your LORDSHIPS already it muſt have appear'd
" With Corruption the Pris'ner's all over beſmear'd;
" With Corruption *this* HASTINGS is cover'd ſo thick,
" When I ſee him, my ſtomach turns ſuddenly ſick:
" The diſeaſe of Corruption has been ſo neglected,
" The COMPANY's *Settlements* all are infected;
" Not HASTINGS *alone* is corrupted, *but all*
" *Who breath the* PESTIFEROUS AIR *of* BENGAL!
" Yet tho' 'tis ſo bad that I cannot endure it,
" I fear 'tis impoſſible ever to cure it.
" We *have no direct proof of Corruption*, 'tis true,
" But in failure of that, *ſtrong Preſumption will do.*

" Cor-

" Corrupted he was by the *Dancing Girl*'s treat,
" And you can't have forgotten the dinners he eat,
" *Two hundred pounds sterling*, this gluttonous sinner
" *Three months unremittedly eat at a dinner*;
" But the thing at which I am so highly offended,
" Is the manner wherein the large sum was expended;
" No part was expended on music or singing,
" On *Dancing Girls*, *Illuminations*, or *Ringing*;
" No friend ever tasted the milk or the honey,
" *'Twas a feast of corruption*, a FLOW OF DRY MONEY,
" To a desert, a jungle *this* TYGER withdrew,
" To prey on the victim his avarice slew.

" But, my LORDS, if this circumstance is not enough,
" I'll give you another, to strengthen the proof:
" When his much *honour'd Colleagues* in Administration
" Accus'd him of bribery, and peculation,
" *Their President* would not submit to his trial,
" Nor confession of guilt would he make, nor denial;
" Instead of exposing himself to conviction,
" He disputed their power, and usurp'd jurisdiction."

Here EDMUND a number of reasons assign'd,
Why HASTINGS the *Honor of Trial* declin'd;
Why as yet the DIRECTORS no answer had got,
Whether NUNDCOMAR's *Stories* were founded, or not.

(Here

(Here 'twas whiſper'd, that EDMUND to ſtate had
omitted,
That HASTINGS conceiv'd himſelf fully acquitted;
For to NORTH, or Directors, if doubt had appear'd,
By one Queſtion alone, every doubt had been clear'd—
No ſcruples remain'd, but from frequent Election,
By Miniſter, Parliament, and the Direction,
All loudly proclaim'd to the World their opinion,
And conferr'd upon HASTINGS extenſive Dominion.)

Now EDMUND, more loudly returns to his cry,
Of "*Preſumption, Conviction,* and HOG *in a* STYE."
Not a man ever went to that infamous place,
But is deeply involv'd in this Culprit's diſgrace,
All, all—HIS *Accomplices,* wicked and baſe.
I do not, however, ſaid EDMUND, intend
To include PHILIP FRANCIS, *my worthy,* DEAR *Friend,*
Nor his *honeſt Aſſociates*; but barring *theſe Three,*
They are *all* KNAVES or ROGUES, in the higheſt degree:
And indeed, my *dear Brother,* you cannot but think,
That ſo much Corruption muſt *horribly ſtink*;
And believe me, I ſmell it whenever I meet
An *Indian* NABOB, as I travel the ſtreet.
The Nobles, I truſt, will this Seaſon recal,
Their *Relations* and SONS, from *contagious* BENGAL;
What a horrible thing, if ſuch baſe peculation,
Were imported from thence to an *innocent Nation!*

Three hours and a half on this ſubject alone
The wit of the Speaker reſplendently ſhone;
He reſembl'd *a Colt*, in his circular lunging,
Now *walking*, now *trotting*, then *kicking* and *plunging!*
In like manner did BURKE run his circular Race
Two days, without *changing* or *ſhifting his place:*
"*'Tis an excellent Pad!* as your *Horſe-Dealers* ſay,
"That can pace *on a Trencher*, the length of a day."
If this can a merit in ORATORS be,
'Tis BURKE's, all allow, in exalted degree:
On PRESUMPTION, CORRUPTION, the charges he rung,
Till at laſt it exhauſted, and wearied his tongue.
He ſaid he had more than *half open'd* his Charge;
That his Friends would hereafter explain and enlarge.
With this declaration their Lordſhips were ſtruck,
And thought themſelves born to exceeding *good luck*,
That THEY ſhould *be Peers* in ſuch turbulent times,
Of enormous *long Speeches*, IMPEACHMENTS, and CRIMES;
When Speakers, like Bruiſers, make trial of ſtrength,
And the WORTH *of Orations depends on* THEIR LENGTH.

'Tis reported, *dear Brother*, that ſome of the Peers,
Who think they can't live *a vaſt number of years*,
Direct that THEIR SONS ſhould the Trial attend,
That their Titles and *thats* may together deſcend.

I ob-

I obſerv'd that though EDMUND was frequently dry,
No Bottle appear'd—but I cannot tell why.
I took notice of ſomething more ſtrikingly ſtrange,
To HIS CORPS, his behaviour has ſuffer'd a change:
His Language this day was *more gentle* and *mild*,
And he ſpoke like a Father addreſſing his Child;
But before, when he ſpoke to his humble adjutors,
'Twas the ſtyle and the manner of *Uſhers* and *Tutors*.
As he finiſh'd, it ſtruck me, FOX ſhrugg'd up a ſhoulder,
And GREY ſhew'd *his teeth*, on being call'd—BOTTLE-HOLDER.

April 30th, 1789.

LET.

LETTER XXIII.

YOU remember last season, that JOSEPH foretold,
With a spirit prophetic, that EDMUND the bold
Would one day or other th' IMPEACHMENT condemn,
And declare to the COMMONS 'twas owing to them;
That he ever was HASTINGS' friend in his *heart*,
Though compell'd to accept of a *Manager*'s part.
I thought such a change could not possibly be—
JOSEPH knew him, however, much better than me;
It seems that they swindled him into the taking
Of a part, which he is on the verge of forsaking.
But I cannot conceive at what people are aiming,
By the present circuitous mode of disclaiming.

I said in my last, that the MAJOR was trying
By *Petition*, to lay an *embargo on Lying*;
This was owing, I find, to the Orator's quoting,
Some Articles not of the Commoners' voting;
Misdemeanors they voted, but EDMUND went further,
And in two or three instances charg'd him with *Murther*!
So HASTINGS the House has address'd by Petition,
To know whether THEY authorise *the addition*?—

This

This occaſion'd laſt *Monday* a curious Debate—
In a haſty ſhort ſketch, all the points I'll relate.
When EDMUND heard PITT and ſome Members confeſs,
That HASTINGS's Caſe call'd aloud for redreſs,
And SCOTT *pledg'd his word*, that the Orator knew
At the moment he ſpoke, that *the Charge was untrue*;
His feelings, long callous, now ſenſibly ſtung,
In a moment unbridled his virulent tongue.

" Indeed, Mr. SPEAKER, 'tis vaſtly abſurd,
" To expect me to anſwer *for every word*—
" When an Orator's Speeches are rapidly flowing,
" He often muſt ſpeak, *without thinking or knowing*;
" Do you think, in the hurry of cutting and ſlaying,
" That *we* can find leiſure, for gauging and weighing;
" Or pray, are the Managers here to be treated,
" Like *Shylock*, whom *Portia* ſo knaviſhly cheated?
" Or can a Diſſecter ſo able be found,
" As to cut human fleſh, to *exactly a pound*;
" To cut juſt one pound, and there inſtantly ſtop,
" Without drawing blood, without ſpilling a drop?
" If that be your meaning, I freely proteſt,
" (At that moment applying his hand to his breaſt)
" 'Tis more than a *Catholic Chriſtian* can do—
" (Then pointing to CHARLEY) *or even a Jew*.

 But,

" And just as the Criminal felt himself pinch'd—
" *You* might have complain'd, *had the Managers flinch'd*;
" Had they suffer'd a cause so important to drop,
" Or fall on their heads from the want of a prop.
" Let them point out the time, if we have been remiss—
" Did we spare him in that? Did we screen him in this?
" No, Sir, where the Cause was deficient in strength,
" *Our Speeches have amply supply'd it by length.*
" But, Sir, 'tis my wish to be fully instructed,
" In the mode that this Trial should *now* be conduc-
" ted:
" If when we perceive *our own evidence failing*,
" Are we not to support it, *by storming and railing?*
" NUNDCOMAR's Accusation must certainly sink,
" Unless we prevail on their Lordships to think,
" That he of his life was unjustly depriv'd,
" And that HASTINGS and IMPEY the Murder con-
" triv'd—
" But, Sir, if the COMMONS think fit to deny,
" Or give *Amplification* the name of a *Lye*;
" If the MANAGERS' conduct the HOUSE should con-
" demn,
" I can prove *all I utter'd, proceeded from* THEM;
" As they heard my Oration, and let me proceed,
" They not only *approv'd*, but *committed* the deed.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis the COMMONS of ENGLAND, *the People at large*,
" Who HASTINGS and IMPEY as *Murderers* charge;
" When they forc'd me to take the *Chief Manager*'s part,
" (An Office I always diſlik'd in my heart)
" When they coax'd me, and ſwindled me into this
" ſcrape,
" (*Where they leave me alone, that themſelves may eſcape*)
" 'Tis certain that they, whether waking or ſleeping,
" *Their conſciences left to the Managers' keeping*—
" Mr. SPEAKER, I ſay 'tis a terrible caſe,
" If I am to be try'd, and expos'd to diſgrace,
" And ſtand in my turn in the Criminal's place.
" Thoſe who ſit in this Houſe, and my perſon behold,
" Muſt ſenſibly feel that I'm rather too old;
" That life is already too far in advance,
" For me now to join in the *ludicrous dance*:
" My legs and my heels not ſufficiently light,
" To *foot it*, *croſs over*, and *turn to the right*.
" Shall I, *the firſt figure* that's ſeen in the groupe,
" Who with dignify'd *ſtep*, have conducted the troop—
" Shall I lay of a ſudden theſe honors aſide—
" For exceeding my duty ſubmit to be try'd?
" No, no—to myſelf I will ever be juſt,
" Though the Houſe ſhould think fit to deprive me of
" truſt:

" And, indeed, 'tis a favour I now have to aſk,
" To be kindly reliev'd from a difficult taſk;
" But if I am to finiſh the work I've begun,
" And allow'd to proceed as I've hitherto done,
" You ſhall never complain that I'm idle or ſlack,
" Or in any way backward, to lead the attack;
" You ſhall ſoon ſee the Criminal *bare to the bone*,
" While I *tear off his fleſh* by the *ſod*, or the *ſtone*.
" But if on the other hand I am diſgrac'd
" In the eyes of all Europe, by being diſplac'd,
" Poſterity's praiſe ſhall compenſate the wrong,
" I have ſuffer'd from thoſe who have known me too
" long."

But, alas! my dear SIMON, in ſpite of this pleading,
The Commons approv'd not of EDMUND's proceeding,
And therefore they voted, t'appoint him a day,
As perhaps he might have ſomething farther to ſay;
But EDMUND conceiv'd it was groſſly miſ-ſpending
His time and his words, to go on with defending,
So he ſent them a Letter, inſtead of attending.
On HASTINGS and *Friends* 'twas extremely *ſatyric*;
On *Himſelf* and his *Party*, a high *Panegyric*:
But MONTAGUE, when he had done with the Letter,
An Eulogy made that was ſtronger and better.
He enlarg'd on thoſe talents which EDMUND has got,
And deſcrib'd many Virtues—*ſome ſay, he has not.*

Th'

Th' *Encomiaſt* concluded his friendly Oration
With pronouncing aloud, a *ſtale Latin Quotation:*
That BURKE's Underſtanding, tranſcendently fine,
Graſps all that is Human, and all that's Divine!

You muſt know, my dear BROTHER, a notion prevails,
That SIMPKIN is *not a true Native of Wales.*
That SIMPKIN and SIMON are old faſhion'd Names,
That never a *Taffyland Gentleman* claims;
But moſt people think that *my Letters* are writ
By a DUCHESS of SCOTLAND, renown'd for her wit,
And zeal for the *Adminiſtration* of PITT.

The queſtion CADWALLADER wants to propoſe,
"Is JOSEPH or BURKE the beſt Poet in Proſe?"
The next time I attend at the *Weſtminſter Forum*
It ſhall be debated *Judicibus coram.*
And indeed the beſt Critics are free to confeſs,
Their Speeches aſſume a poetical dreſs.
'Tis thence without trouble or waſte of much time,
I give the contents of their Speeches in rhyme.

Dear BROTHER, adieu; but I'll write you again,
Tho', as matters now ſtand, I can ſcarcely ſay when.

May 5th, 1789.

LETTER XXIV.

AT length, *Brother* SIMON, the buſineſs is ended,
For which HASTINGS's *Trial* was lately ſuſpended.

When the LORDS were aſſembled, *great* EDMUND came in
With a countenance woeful, th'effect of chagrin,
Which put me in mind of *the Picture of* SIN.

" *My Lords*, the laſt time I appear'd at your bar,
" I told you a ſtory about NUNDCOMAR.
" I ſaid, he by IMPEY and HASTINGS was hung,
" In order to ſilence his garrulous tongue.
" *They murder'd the Man*," " was the term that I us'd,
" A term *good enough* for the Pris'ner accus'd;
" But the COMMONS, *my Lords*, have been ſuddenly ſeiz'd
" With a Nauſea, I find, and are vaſtly diſpleas'd.
" Their *Conſciences tender*, can't bear a tranſgreſſion
" Of TRUTH—and laſt night they diſclaim'd the Ex-
" preſſion.
" But, *my Lords*, notwithſtanding the COMMONS reprov'd
" me,
" I am proud to declare that they have not *remov'd me*:
" My

" My conſtituents, perhaps, may be ſomewhat diſguſted,
" Yet ſtill they believe, I am fit to be truſted.
" And I ſoon will convince them by Arguments ſtrong,
" That their judgement is neither ill-founded nor wrong.
" Tho' I am not permitted to add a new charge,
" On thoſe which I have, I will dwell, and enlarge:
" Tho' I lower my ſtile, and new-model my diction,
" According to this late invented reſtriction;
" Tho' of *Amplification* I'm partly bereft,
" I will make the beſt uſe of the *little that's left*;
" And here by the by, I've been often complaining,
" That the SENATE of late is too fond of *reſtraining*;
" Should your *Lordſhips* inquire, why the freedom I took,
" Of ſtating a fact that was *not in the Book?*
" The reaſon is plain, I moſt perfectly knew,
" That HASTINGS would tell you no credit was due,
" To the bare *ipſe dixit* of one who was try'd,
" And for FORGING a *Paper with infamy dy'd.*
" I call'd it a *Murder*, but 'twas at a time,
" When *I wanted a* WORD to diſtinguiſh the crime;
" Our language is poor, and our words are ſo few,
" Their *meaning ſo weak*, that they never can do.
" For HASTINGS's crimes, *ſo atrocions and new.*
" I wanted a word juſt diſtinction to draw,
" Betwixt *moral Murder*, and *Murder by Law*:

" 'Tis a *sort of a murder*, that's no where defin'd,
" Tho' I've got the idea somewhere in my mind:
" But, *my Lords*, it behoves me to make some excuse,
" For the present apology long and diffuse,
" (Here he gave us a spice of his annular speaking,
" And *apologies made, for apology making!*)
" But as soon as the final apology ended,
" And his conduct approv'd by himself and defended,
" He observ'd to *the* LORDS, he had told them before,
" The Charge was half open'd, or probably more:
" That only two days were employed in revealing,
" What HASTINGS had spent many years in concealing—
" But no longer to build on the grounds of *Suspicion*,
" I now shall make use of the Prisoner's admission:—
" In Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-three,
" The KING and his PARLIAMENT made a decree
" 'Gainst the Company's servants *accepting a Fee*;
" That whoever took money, the same must produce,
" And give it all up for the COMPANY'S *use*.
" This clause by the Pris'ner was so understood,
" As to let him take bribes for the *Company's good*.
" Impress'd with this notion, it seems that his coffers,
" At all times were open to liberal offers."

Here EDMUND with infinite humour describes,
A *new Court of* EXCHEQUER for taking in Bribes,

Where

Where FRAUD the high office of *Treasurer* took,
And OBLIVION kept the *Remembrancer's Book*;
EXTORTION assess'd the respective amount
And CONFUSION, the *Auditor*, pass'd the accounts:
His agents were vile *Banyans* and *Gentoos*,
A species, indeed, of *black Brokers* and *Jews*.
Now EDMUND casts up all the several sums,
By Units, Tens, Hundreds, by Thousands and Plums,
The Prisoner, *my Lords*, has been put to his shifts,
With respect to concealing these presents and gifts;
Of FORGERY I would accuse him *with pleasure*,
Were I sure that the COMMONS *would sanction the measure*;
But they are so *scrupulous*, *nice*, and *exact*,
That they want to confine me to MATTER of FACT—
But I trust, I shall not be, as formerly treated,
If I only assert that the *Criminal* CHEATED;
Gave in false accounts, and his Letters misdated.
His accounts and his Letters were form'd to beguile,
His accounts are *Pindaric* in matter and stile;
His Letters are *Oxymel* (nasty) of *Squills*,
They are purges, emetics, and boxes of Pills.
These Letters were highly offensive indeed,
For EDMUND himself was unable to read;
So TAYLOR, whose stomach is not soon affected,
Read over these Letters, as EDMUND directed:

The

The Orator now *Virgin-modeſty* ſhocks,
By imputing to HASTINGS *the Tail of a Fox*;
Then the Company turns to a LION *rapacious*,
And HASTINGS a *Jackall* of ſtomach voracious.
In this way he proceeded, comparing and railing,
Till at length he perceiv'd that his ſpirits were failing;
Then he begg'd that the Lords would appoint him a day,
To hear ſomething more it behov'd him to ſay,

Indeed, *my dear Brother*, we have to lament
The reſtriction on BURKE as a cruel event:
For though he is equally keen on accuſing,
He is not, as formerly, half ſo amuſing.
I heard many Ladies the MINISTER blame,
Who jealous, 'tis ſaid, of the Orator's fame:
They think it is ſtrange and abſurd, that a Youth
Should fall ſo in love with the *Goddeſs of Truth*;
They ſay it is an *odd*, *unaccountable Paſſion*,
Unknown to *fine Speakers* of merit and faſhion.
But I take it, the principal cauſe of their dread,
Is danger, if ſuch an example ſhould ſpread;
If the *Beauties of Speech* men are taught to condemn,
Deception may ſoon be diſreliſh'd in them.

But

But now, *my dear Brother*, ~~this~~ Letter I end,
As remarks of this kind might the LADIES offend;
And perchance I might get myself into the clutches
Of a *Woman of Wit*—and that Woman—a DUCHESS.

May 9th, 1789.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

SIMON IN WALES,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMPKIN IN TOWN.

THE letters, *dear* SIM. you obligingly write us,
Never fail to inſtruct, to amuſe and delight us;
But though we've no cauſe to arraign your neglect,
We have reaſon to think you not always correct.
We do not complain of your making additions,
Of perverting the ſenſe, but of ſundry omiſſions.
Mr. LLILLY LLANSTUFFIN, who often frequents
ST. STEPHEN'S, is here for his *Michaelmas rents:*
And yeſterday, ſitting at table with him,
A ſervant announced *an epiſtle from* SIM.
He had heard of your name, and declar'd he'd be proud,
If I did him the favour to read it aloud;
So I read it all over as well as I cou'd;
He thank'd me, and ſaid "that your verſes were good;
"But that many things paſs'd at that very debate,
"Which he wonder'd that *you* ſhould forget to relate."

A nar-

A narrative Mr. LLANSTUFFIN began,
Which I'll verſify now as exact as I can.
He ſaid, that CHARLES FOX diſplay'd infinite cunning
In perplexing the buſineſs; whoſe ſhifting and ſhunning
He compar'd to a cock that fights *wheeling* and *running*.
He ſaid, one might travel a ſeven days' journey,
Before one might find ſuch a *fogging Attorney*:
One moment a MANAGER's *rights* he maintain'd,
That his character ſacred could not be arraign'd:
The next, *he with ſubtlety ſtrove to revoke*
The words which the ORATOR *granted*, HE SPOKE:
And what EDMUND himſelf was ſo free to confeſs,
Fox *doubted*, and queſtion'd it never-the-leſs.
The writers might well be ſuſpected of leaning,
Or of taking the words, and omitting their meaning:
Beſides, 'twere *a ſhame* to refer to a note,
Which a *man*, not a MEMBER *of* PARLIAMENT, wrote.
And the Members who heard *their* CHIEF MANAGER ſpeak,
Were either aſleep, or their memories weak;
And as to confeſſion, *'twas highly unfit*,
Advantage to draw from *what* BURKE *might admit*.
Now CHARLEY contends that it only belong'd
To the Lords, to redreſs any man that is wrong'd;

 Then

Then he hints; that ſhould cenſure excite his diſguſt,
It might drive him, perhaps, to relinquiſh his truſt.
'Tis obſervable, this *tautological Speaker*
Is *louder* as much as his *argument's weaker :*
By bawling and noiſe, he creates a *diverſion,*
To cover the fallacy of each aſſertion :
By experience he knows, he can always engage
Attention, by *ſeeming to be in a rage.*
He often affects ſuch a puffing and blowing,
That his words, for a time, are prevented from flowing.
The Senators now, from long habit and faſhion,
Own his right by preſcription, to be in a paſſion.

Here LLILLY digreſs'd, and the characters drew,
Of all the *rhetorical ſpeakers* he knew.
He ſaid, it was vain and abſurd to expect,
The papers could give us their ſpeeches correct :
And ſure I preferr'd Mr. LLILLY LLANSTUFFIN
To YOU, *Brother* SIM. or a partiſan's puffing,
As he ſpoke, in ſhort hand, MEMORANDUMS I took,
Which I've enter'd at large in my red cover'd book ;
And if till next winter in leiſure I live,
Their characters all to the public I'll give :
For indeed I muſt own, though I do it with ſhame,
I envy your praiſe and poetical fame.

As Mr. LLANSTUFFIN these characters drew,
He said something of EDMUND, *which if it be true,*
I'm surpris'd that it was not related by you.
The *critical part*, which it seems you forgot,
Was EDMUND's *reply to the* CHARGES *of* SCOTT;
Who declar'd that the former was fully acquainted,
At the time he that picture so horrible painted,
(At which female tenderness *water'd* and *fainted.)*
That to HASTINGS no blame could be justly imputed,
And that since, *the whole calumny had been refuted.*
To this EDMUND answer'd, altho' I agree,
I have but *one witness* to weigh *against* THREE,
What signifies that, when I prudently chose,
To give credit to *this*, and to *disbelieve* THOSE?
I stated as much as *my purposes* FITTED;
The rest I deem'd false, *and 'twas therefore omitted.*
This method of acting may possibly do,
As a subject of animadversion for you:
You may say with a laugh, that this mode of proceeding,
Is owing to BURKE's *jesuitical breeding*;
That Orators, when they engage in disputes,
Mention only as much as their purposes suits.
But you know, that the *innocent natives of* WALES
Are extremely averse to *the garbling of tales*;
And we think that this BURKE, whom you seem to admire,
Is not half so good as *a Taffyland quire:*

And

And rather than I would ſuch company keep,
I would live on the HILLS with the GROUSE *and the* SHEEP.
But though I have given free ſcope to my pen,
Don't let it prevent you from writing again.
'Tis true, that myſelf and ſome others have noted,
To the intereſt of BURKE *you are too much devoted*;
And it has been ſuſpected you are in his pay,
In verſe to record all he chuſes to ſay.
But this, *Brother* SIMPKIN, I know is untrue,
We are no PARTIZANS, ſo I bid you adieu!

May 14th, 1789.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

ALAS! *my dear* BROTHER, ill omens portend,
That our long correſpondence draws near to its end:
I conjure all my friends, not to conſtrue th' effect
Of miſconduct in PITT, into SIMPKIN's *neglect*.

Oh! may that STATESMAN ever hated be
By all the Muſes in the ſame degree,
Curs'd by APOLLO, as by BURKE and ME!

The *buds of* FANCY in luxuriance blowing,
Like Eaſtern Wind, *his breath* peſtif'rous blighted;
The ſtream of Oratory ſweetly flowing—
That ſtream it dry'd, which you and me delighted.

The fragrant flowers in ELOCUTION's *ſpring*,
Like morning froſt, HIS *breath* congealing nipp'd;
In plumage gay, IMAGINATION's wing
Soaring aloft his hand unhallow'd clipp'd.

In ELEGY ſolemn no more to complain,
As curſes and prayers are both equally vain;

I muſt tell you, but not without horror and dread,
That the rage of reſtriction ſeems likely to ſpread;
But I ſhould not break in at the midſt of a ſtory,
So I'll lay the proceedings in order before you.
Many PAPERS laſt Tueſday were read by the CLERKS,
Whoſe dryneſs was moiſten'd by EDMUND's remarks:
" By reading theſe documents, 'tis my intent,
" Of the *ſoot of* CORRUPTIONS to give you *the ſcent.*
" The ſcent of CORRUPTION is laſting and ſtrong;
" If we follow our noſes, we cannot go wrong."
Then ſniffing and ſnuffing BURKE follow'd the track
Of corruption, like BRAWLER, *the head of the pack*;
But in ſpite of this hunt and the muſical cry
Of BRAWLER, the ſport grew inſipid and dry.
By the Ladies the Court was but thinly attended,
And *the* CLERKS ſeem'd aſleep ere the buſineſs was ended.
For the *uſe of* LOGICIANS, I beg leave to add,
Where *preſumption affirmative* cannot be had,
A NEGATIVE one may be put in its place,
As a ſubſtitute good in a *criminal caſe.*
This doctrine to ſome appear'd dang'rous and new,
But in HASTINGS's caſe, EDMUND ſays it will do.—
Laſt THURSDAY again I attended the COURT,
Without any reaſon to boaſt of the ſport.

Oh!

Oh ! how I admire this moſt wonderful man,
For contriving a new œconomical plan !
As the COMMONS, you know, have refus'd him permiſſion
To indent at his pleaſure for new ammunition ;
The balls which lay ſcatter'd and ſpread on the plain,
Are collected by GREY, *and fir'd over again.*
In this cannonade ſo terrific and hot,
NUNDCOMAR and his charge were unlawfully ſhot.
But to ſpeak in plain language, as GREY was proceeding,
The counſel objected to what he was reading :
They ſaid that no credit was due to the tongue,
Of a ſlanderous fellow, for *forgery* HUNG !
Now CHARLES, to keep HASTINGS's *counſel* in awe,
In argument roſe againſt PLOMER, and LAW.
You have heard it by many repeatedly ſaid,
Like CHARLES's there never exiſted a head.
His head is a rich *inexhauſtible mine,*
Of arguments plauſible, ſubtle, and fine :
'Tis a BANK, where the *orders* of SOPHISTRY paſs,
And are paid on demand in *lead, copper,* or *braſs.*
This man, whoſe acuteneſs diſcover'd a fault
In every ſpecies of evidence brought,
To convict BURKE of having ſaid, more than he ought;

Tho' EDMUND was twice heard to own and declare it;
Tho' the writers took notes, and were ready to ſwear it;
Tho' CHARLES *was twice preſent, and happen'd to hear it;*
Tho' the *Members* themſelves heard the ORATOR ſpeak;
All this was incompetent, futile, and weak.
This man, who contended againſt the admitting,
Proofs ſtrong as all theſe, becauſe light and unfitting,
Now proves to the COURT, *in this* CASE to diſpenſe
With an OATH, is conſiſtent with JUSTICE and SENSE.
" But in *lieu of an* OATH, or the Pris'ner's admiſſion,
" We have NUNDCOMAR's *word*, and a *load of* SUSPI-
" CION.
" And tho' he on a *gibbet* for FORGERY died,
" Does it follow from thence, that he conſtantly lied?
" I ſay, (and 'twas ſeemingly ſaid with REGRET)
" We have brought the beſt proof WE *could poſſibly get.*
" 'Tis the cuſtom of all the LAW COURTS of *our* KING,
" To *accept the beſt proofs* that the Plantiffs can bring;
" And when there is doubt of what people advance,
" To *caſt up the odds*, and be GUIDED *by* CHANCE.
" When you think of the character now at your Bar,
" And of HIS, who *accus'd him*—the ſaid NUNDCOMAR—
" Can any one harbour a doubt in his breaſt,
" But the *word* of the LATTER is *ſafeſt* and *beſt?*"
This reas'ning of CHARLES, though *exceedingly good*,
Was either not reliſh'd, or miſunderſtood;

For

For the LORDS to their chamber agreed to withdraw,
To consult with their Oracles, *men of the* LAW.
This determin'd the COURT for that day to adjourn,
And I hear that next Wedn'sday they mean to return;
But whatever their LORDSHIPS may wisely decree,
It will work no effect upon BURKE, or on ME.
The *genius* of CHARLES no eulogium can raise—
It is *proof against* SHAME, and *superior to* PRAISE;
He turns like a *gig*, and you'd wonder thereat,
In a person like his, so *unwieldy* and *fat*.
All his friends and his enemies freely confess
His versatile powers, his art, and address.
There is nothing so white, there is nothing so black,
But CHARLEY *can either defend, or attack*.
Before, *my dear* SIMON, I lay down my pen—
(As I may not find matter to write you again),
I must tell you, that HASTINGS's *counsel* objected,
To BURKE in a manner I never expected:
For HE, who had been so extremely profuse,
Who had scarcely omitted *one term of abuse*;
Who when his own language could furnish no more,
Lamented its being so barren and poor—
So *repeated* the same he *had utter'd before*.
In the field of an argument ample and spacious,
He gave to some action the name of "*audacious*."

The COUNSEL of this to *their* LORDSHIPS complain'd,
And BURKE for indelicate terms was arraign'd.
You will judge from this trifling, this ſimple event,
What reaſon I have to complain and lament;
If BURKE is confin'd to *decorum* and *order*,
I'll relinquiſh my Pen, and the *Poſt of* RECORDER.

20th May, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

LAST Wednesday, *dear Brother*, their LORDSHIPS decreed
That NUNDCOMAR's *Charge* was improperly read:
That is, as their CONSCIENCES *could not believe it*—
They thought that they legally could not receive it.
When the CHANCELLOR said, "that *their* LORDSHIPS "were come
"To this resolution," *poor* EDMUND was dumb.
He stood like a spectre, aghast and affrighted,
Then pray'd that the words might again be recited.
The words were repeated—The MANAGERS pray'd
For time to consult:—So the TRIAL was stay'd.
You remember how MILTON has finely related,
That when the *dark* PRINCE was in battle defeated,
He to council conven'd all his LEADERS in *black*,
To consult about making another attack.
So EDMUND, extremely distress'd and perplext,
Consults with his friends upon CHAPTER *the next*.
Awhile they sat sullen: then JOSEPH arose,
And thus spoke to the Chiefs in *poetical prose*:

" Th' ADVICE I offer'd at the last debate,
" Was then rejected, and I now repeat,
" You will repent it, and repent too late.
" Why do we thus encounter *endless shame*,
" Like desperate gamblers, *play the losing game?*
" The very sufferers, whose cause we try,
" DISOWN *it*, and *their advocates* DENY.
" The HOUSE which sent us here to plead this cause,
" Disgusted too, *its confidence withdraws:*
" *The* LORDS, who ought to favour and protect us
" On all occasions, slightingly neglect us.
" Oh! that it never had been undertaken,
" *Would that the cause last week had been forsaken.*"
Here MONTAGUE put in to save the name,
Of his *dear* BURKE, from everlasting shame.
" Fatal, ALAS! the consequence must be
" To this great cause, if LEADERS *disagree:*
" Shame and defeat attend desponding fear,
" Whilst FORTUNE yields to those, who PERSEVERE.
" New ammunition let the Chiefs provide,
" To cannonade the fort on every side.
" *You*, CHARLES, a thund'ring battery must erect,
" To bear upon the *bastion* INTELLECT.
" And JOSEPH—you, behind the curtain stealing,
" Must undermine *the* COURT on *fudge*, and *feeling*,

" Let EDMUND's cannon, on their *patience* play,
" To beat down *that*, *already giving way*.
" Pleas'd with th' advice, the CHIEFS with ardor
" burn'd,
" DISSOLV'D the Council, and to COURT RE-
" TURN'D."

Now EDMUND begins to lament and complain,
That the *foot of corruption* is ſcented in vain;
That if probable evidence cannot be taken,
The cauſe to its very foundation is ſhaken;
And CHARLES alſo thunder'd againſt the deciſion,
Till *their* LORDSHIPS conſented at length to reviſion.
To determine, if what they rejected before,
As it loudly demanded admiſſion *once more*,
Might not be let in at the *kitchen back-door?*
A while they withdrew—to their Room to debate;
But refus'd on returning, *to open the gate*.

Now EDMUND pathetic, begins to implore
They would kindly conduct him to ſome *other door*:
" Ah! why will your LORDSHIPS permit us to ſtray?
" We are *ignorant travellers* loſing our way."
Then EDMUND in paſſionate language began
To prove that *himſelf* was an *ignorant man*.
That a *large ſtock of ignorance* fell to the ſhare
Of himſelf and the flock that was under his care.

That

That *they* could no ſolid advantages draw,
From their conſultations with *men of the law.*
Juſt here a thought ſuddenly enter'd my head,
Which *in private*, to you, may with ſafety be ſaid;
If they want either will, or the power to aſſiſt,
Their civilians and counſellors might be *diſmiſt*;
For why ſhould the NATION incur an expence,
In the hire of *profound legal knowledge*, and *ſenſe*,
From THOSE, to themſelves who ſo cloſely have kept it,
Or if BURKE did not think it worth while to accept it?

TO RETURN to the ſubject of EDMUND's oration;—
He ſaid, "that CORRUPTION and baſe PECULATION,"
From their LORDSHIPS' reſolve would extenſively ſpread;
That they aided in raiſing INIQUITY's *head.*
Fox thinking that he could be *louder* and *ſtronger*,
Would not ſuffer his LEADER, to ſpeak any longer;
Awhile there appear'd, a *confuſion of tongues*,
But CHARLEY *prevail'd by the ſtrength of his lungs.*
He prov'd to the LORDS, 'twas exceedingly wrong
To expect from the MANAGERS evidence ſtrong:
That they ſhould not be ſqueamiſh but joyfully take,
The proofs that are offer'd, *for juſtice's* ſake.
And ſince *all the doors* below ſtairs were ſhut,
To the *window*, a *ladder* CHARLES artfully put.

(For

(For tho' by the late unexpected conclusion,
The doors were close barr'd against daring intrusion,
That does not amount to a *total exclusion.)*
Again to their chamber their LORDSHIPS withdraw
To put this new question to men of the law:
There is *one* Dr. PARR, it behoves you to know,
Who won all the MANAGERS hearts long ago,
By a *cramp Latin preface of broken quotations,*
In praise of their politics, parts, and orations;
This *parsonage* often attends in their box,
To *glean hints for his* SERMONS, *from* EDMUND, *and* FOX;
And perhaps as a *Casuist* deep, to suggest,
Some subtle *new quirk,* when the cause is hard prest,
Or to furnish *dry scraps from* OLD AUTHORS: at least,
He can never be requisite *there,* as a PRIEST—
For *intentions so pure,* and such MEEKNESS of SPIRIT,
Must of course, and of right, HEAVEN's *kingdom inherit:*
Unless as a *chaplain,* they'd have him say grace,
For *success on their arms,* ere the battle takes place.
This same MANAGER's BOX, I've observ'd to be lin'd,
With *hungry expectants* of every kind.
And PARR, as a *Regency* BISHOP ELECT,
Has a claim to a seat *among those who expect.*
For finding his LATIN, his WIG, and his BIRCH,
All too weak to secure *his ascent in the* CHURCH,

He

He dashingly join'd OPPOSITION in form,
Determin'd to *carry a Mitre by* STORM !
I have much more to say, but this moment a friend
Is come in, and of course, *my epistle* must end.
Howe'er of *remissness* you shall not complain,
I mean by next post to address you again.

May 25th, 1789.

LETTER XXVIII.

I TOLD you, *dear* BROTHER, their LORDSHIPS retir'd
To consider of that which *the* LEADERS requir'd:
On THURSDAY, the day to which they had adjourn'd,
They met, and Lord THURLOW their answer return'd;
Which was, "That *their* LORDSHIPS not being *asleep*,
"'Twas impossible *now* through the window to creep!"
Here EDMUND brought in a poetic quotation,
Which attributes to NOW, *an eternal duration*:
He said the word *now*, was a cruel obstruction,
A difficult *problem*, too *hard* for reduction;
That *the* MANAGERS meant to return to their College,
For physical, and metaphysical knowledge;
Or *some sort of knowledge*, informing them how
To purge from the cause, *such obstructions* as now.
After these observations, BURKE finish'd his pleading,
And *the clerk* for a while was engag'd with his reading;
Then EDMUND that evidence offer'd once more,
Which *the* LORDS had rejected so often before;
And by way of supporting his present pretension,
Of NOW and of THEN, he describ'd the *dimension*,
The period of NOW, with exactness he reckon'd,
And said THEN was *the first*, and that NOW *was the second*.

Here

Here *the* CHANCELLOR wiſh'd that the LEADERS would
ſay,
What motives they had for thus forcing their way?
Then CHARLES, in his vehement manner of ſtorming,
The QUESTION *evades*, and objects to informing:
He ſaid 'twas *the* MANAGERS duty to try
(As HASTINGS would neither confeſs nor deny)
To conſtrue his ſilence, his want of expreſſion,
Into *probable guilt*, and *preſumptive confeſſion*.
He added, had HASTINGS's conſcience been clearer,
He had ſhewn no omiſſory ſullen *demeanour*:
" Suppoſe that I heard any perſon complain
" Of its being my fault, that ſo many were ſlain,
" Of the WESTMINSTER PEOPLE that voted for HOOD,
" I would ſurely deny it *as long as I could*—
" And if *I* this moment were put on my trial,
" I would *not* be found guilty, *for want of* DENIAL."
Now EDMUND put in, and with ardour beſought
Their Lordſhips would kindly paſs over a fault;
He hoped, and he truſted, they would not reject
The proof he could bring, for a trifling defect—
That ſo high a tribunal, ought not to be ty'd
To the forms, and the rules whereby LAWYERS decide,
For CONVENIENCY takes, a leſs fallible guide;
" And if pains and penalties are not inflicted
" On *Eaſtern delinquents, till fairly convicted*,

" The

" The MANAGERS here may a long time harangue
" Before they may ſee any one of them hang;
" And if *probable evidence* is not admitted,
" The Priſoner's in danger of being acquitted.
" *Living* WITNESSES into this country to bring
" From INDIA, *my* LORDS, is a difficult thing:
" There was but *one* BRAMIN who ventur'd to croſs
" The ſea, and he felt irretrievable loſs,
" Nothing leſs than the *family title of* DOSS."
This alluſion juſt then I did not comprehend,
Till 'twas clear'd up by EDMUND's particular friend;
And as he detail'd an agreeable ſtory,
I'll digreſs for a moment, to lay it before you:—

A STORY.

BURKE—*The* BRAMIN—*and the* HOT-HOUSE.

One GOONISHAM, my Authors ſay,
Was bred a *Joiner* * at BOMBAY;
Where, by ſome damnable tranſgreſſion,
He loſt *his caſt* and his profeſſion.
He gave his jailor too, the ſlip,
And got on board an Engliſh ſhip;

* The Carpenter Caſt is extremely low in India.

 There

There hiding underneath the deck,
From *halter* ſav'd his forfeit neck.
When GOONISHAM to *England* came,
He heard of EDMUND's ſounding fame,
And adding DOSS to his ſurname,
With that *enthuſiaſtic*, paſt
For *Bramin* † of the higheſt caſt.
Now BURKE, with exultation big,
Like him who got *the learned pig*,
Graſps at this fund of information,
To furniſh many a long oration.
At home invités him to reſide;
An offer which the SAINT deny'd.
EDMUND provided next a treat—
The ſcrup'lous FATHER would not eat;
A *Jeſuit's table* would not ſuit him,
A *Chriſtian's dwelling* would pollute him.
Now BURKE fits up, at vaſt expence,
A HOT-HOUSE for his reſidence;
The *old exotics out he threw*,
To make proviſion for *the new*,
Pines and *et cæteras* out of number,
Were thrown away as uſeleſs lumber;

† The Bramin Caſt is the higheſt in India, being of the Order of Melchiſedeck.

The

The House was warm'd with constant fire,
And all things done to his desire;
Then EDMUND begg'd his Rev'rend Master,
T' instruct him in his *Holy Shaster*.*
No sooner does the Scholar ask,
Then GOONISHAM begins the task,
Without a Book he glibly reads
Four of his *own invented Bedes*;†
Ordaining ceremonies faster
Than *Mahomed*, or *Zoroaster*.‡
As far as BURKE could comprehend
The broken English of his friend,
He thought the doctrine vastly fine,
Angelic, heavenly, and divine:
And lest the fragment should be miss'd,
He got a learned man t' assist,—
—'Twas JONES, the *Orientalist*.
You've read the story of the *Pigeon*,
That brought *Mahomed* his Religion;
Just so this *sable, humming Bird*,
From *Ram* § to EDMUND brought the word.

* Hindoo Bible.

† Four Books of Hindoo Scripture, or Four Gospels.

‡ Zoroaster, the Persian Moses.

§ Ram, a Hindoo Dewlah.

The two Disciples now prepare
A *Shaster* with uncommon care;
Which BURKE keeps ready to produce,
As often as it is of use.
But now the Ship departed hence,
And BURKE by way of Recompence;
At parting made a long Oration,
For this sad Joiner's Revelation:
Bound for BENGAL, the *Renegade*,
On board the Ship resum'd his trade;
So to CALCUTTA made his way,
(Not daring to approach BOMBAY:)
There known too well he laid aside,
The *name of* Doss, the BRAMIN's pride.

To return to the HALL, BURKE proceeded to show,
That all the Law Courts were *too vulgar*, and *low*;
That their practice was *pitiful*, *paltry*, and *mean*,
Not fit to be followed, scarce fit to be seen.
That this *high* TRIBUNAL should constantly act,
By *general opinion*, not *matter of fact*.
Here EDMUND was making a monstrous ado,
About some bloody Letter, and † *Conta-Bah-Booh*;

† Mr. Burke's method of pronouncing it.

When

When CAMDEN obſerv'd, that the leaders had try'd
To ſhove themſelves in upon every ſide.
But tho' they had fail'd, yet the COURT did not venture,
To ſay there was *no place*, at which they might enter;
One concluſion, however, he wiſh'd them to draw,—
If they enter, it muſt be, *according to* LAW.
He therefore, requeſted them, *now* to decide,
How many more *apertures* were to be try'd;
But the LEADERS perceiv'd his intent was to fix,
And, perhaps, guard againſt their *old Harlequin tricks*;
So requeſted the COURT wou'd excuſe them from ſaying,
What cards they *now* hold, and keep ready for playing.
Then CHARLEY, with arguments ſubtle, contended,
The *firſt Period* of now, muſt be perfectly ended;
That himſelf and the MANAGERS, hop'd and expected,
In *Period* the *ſecond*, they'll not be rejected.
He ended—their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd to decide—
If the hole they attempt, be *now* open and wide.—
As CHARLEY thus play'd his diverſify'd game,
It put me in mind of that beaſt of his name;
Whoſe paws are ſo noted for ſtealing and picking,
Who one night carry'd off, my *old Hen, and her Chicken.*
My guns and my houſe-dogs, my bolts and my locks,
Were too weak to reſiſt the attempts of *that Fox.*
And into the Manſion, I'll venture a bet,
By *Hook* or by *Crook* that *this Biped* will get.*

* Simpkin was miſtaken.

This day by an accurate measure 'twas found,
The MANAGERS gain'd not an inch of new ground:
And PROVIDENCE seems in no hurry to bless,
Their Pious attempts with expected success,
Notwithstanding the Pray'r of that brave *Devil-fighter*,*
Who I yesterday told you, was *storming a* MITRE.
Adieu—if next Wednesday sends food for my pen,
Be assur'd, *my lov'd* SIMON, I'll write you again.

May 27th, 1783.

* Doctor Farr.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

LAST WEDNESDAY, DEAR BROTHER, the *West-minster* COURT
Was expected to furnish much matter of sport;
And as GWYNNY and WYNNY had never gone thither,
We call'd for a coach and proceeded together;
Not all the fine words of those *eloquent Sparks*,
Not the still finer documents read by the CLERKS,
Were half so diverting as GWYNNY's remarks:—
She said, "that the LEADER, the *Captain Impeacher*,
Resembled her Aunt's Methodistical teacher;
She was pleas'd to the life with his praying and canting,
And offended as much by his raving and ranting;
She thought that so much of the *Irishman's howl*,
Made the stream of his eloquence muddy and foul.
Her anxiety now, the dear creature expresses,
For the wear of the *Bayes* of the Manager's dresses,—
Who might, if they had œconomical sense,
In *Monmouth-Street* change them at little expence."
I took down what she said, and perhaps I may spin ye,
A Letter or two from the sayings of GWYNNY;
And if that's not enough, for diversion and laughter,
One or two from the sayings of MARY hereafter.

For the girls on the *Mountains* of *Taffyland* bred,
Have ideas as ſtrange, as can enter a head.
The remarks which they made, were ſo new and amuſing,
That I loſt a great portion of EDMUND's accuſing;
Howe'er to continue my narrative plan,
I'll report all that happen'd as well as I can:——

When the CHANCELLOR ſaid that the LORDS had agreed,
That NUNDCOMAR's Charge was improper to read,
Poor EDMUND appear'd to be ſadly confounded,
Not knowing on what this deciſion was grounded:
He ſaid, "PECULATION, however notorious,
Would now be triumphantly great and *uprorious*,
And HASTINGS, he fear'd, would at laſt be victorious.
He ſaid, that this look'd like a *holy contrivance*,
Of *clerical Men*, for the ſake of connivance—
"My LORDS, I do ſay, a Nabob's peculation
"Is wrap'd up as cloſe as a PRIEST's *fornication*:
"If a *Parſon* that damnable crime ſhould commit,
"The Judges who try'd him were bound to acquit,
"According to ancient canonical law,
"Unleſs 'twas an act *thirty-two People* ſaw;
"And to guard againſt falſehood and ſlanderous lies,
"They muſt ſee the fact, openly done with their eyes:

"But

" But to prove that a BISHOP convers'd with a Miſs,
" Requir'd *forty witneſſes* added to this."
An agreeable doctrine to *Prelates* and *Graces*,
Whoſe feelings appear'd in their riſible faces;
And the Ladies, by ſympathy, ſeem'd to diſcover
The advantage of having a *ſpiritual Lover*.
Now I'm ſadly afraid that *Wives*, *Widows*, and *Miſſes*,
Will confine to the CHURCH all their favours and kiſſes;
And ſhould to this plan every girl but accede,
The State of the *Clergy* were envy'd indeed!
Here EDMUND a Letter proceeded to quote,
Which he ſtrongly ſuſpects the *old dancing Girl* wrote;
'Twas to prove the ſum total of HASTINGS's *fees*
Amounted to more than *three Lacks of Rupees*.
He ſaid, that as Ladies of that injur'd nation
Were excluded from view, by their cuſtom and ſtation,
They muſt have *ſome method of communication*.
" And 'tis not in nature, your LORDSHIPS may ſay,
" To block up a Lady, or *ſtop up her way*;
" And as Ladies can never be *falſe* or *abſurd*,
" Inſtead of an oath we may credit their word.
" Tho' *Eccleſiaſtical*, *Civil*, and *Common*,
" Tho' no law admits the bare word of a Woman,—
" Tho' EQUITY, CHANCERY, always reject it,
" The *High-Court of* PARLIAMENT *ought to reſpect it*.

" If no rule can be found, we can't possibly take one,
" 'Tis therefore the MANAGERS' duty to *make one.*
" And since we've no evidence stronger and better,
" Be so good to accept of the *dancing Girl's Letter.*"—
Now EDMUND affected to treat as a joke
The doctrine of Evidence, written by COKE;
And of all the absurdities he ever saw,
The greatest absurdities were in the LAW.
Tho' their LORDSHIPS' decision was certainly good,
As the principle of it was not understood—
He admitted, however, for fear he should wrong 'em,
There was *great understanding, and learning among 'em.*
But as they retir'd to their room to debate,
Where *himself* and his *friends* have no claim to a seat.
He could not divine, on what basis they bunk,
Their *mortal aversion*, to *probable guilt.*

As the MANAGERS daily grow keener and keener,
To establish *omissary rules of* DEMEANOR?
And to save such a number of *music-less dances,*
They at last had recourse to *immaculate* FRANCIS.
This gentleman, when he appeared at the bar,
To give some account of the *said* NUNDCOMAR,
By the Counsel of HASTINGS was suddenly stopp'd,
And I cannot tell why, but the *business was* DROPP'D.

GWYNNY ask'd me to tell her the MANAGERS *meaning*,
In trying to settle new modes of demeaning?
But WYNNY conceiv'd the intent of these rules,
Was *improvement of youth* in the MANAGERS *Schools*.
By repeated defeat BURKE grew peevish and fretful,
And LAWRENCE * supposing him rather *forgetful*,
Was correcting some technical *error in trade*,
(Which he must understand *being recently made*;)
When BURKE his kind offer, morosely rejected,
And the *young* CIVIL LAWYER stood justly corrected.

As the *Post bell* is ringing, this Letter I end,
But another, next week, I shall certainly send;
For as long as *the* LEADER goes on with his pleading,
I can furnish you always with plenty of reading,
That the ORATOR's arguments merit renown,
Is th' opinion of all the *News Writers* in Town.

May 30th, 1789.

* The supposed author of the ROLLIAD, and with *peculiar propriety* therefore selected by Mr. BURKE *as one of the Counsel for the Commons*.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

"YOURSELF and *my cousins* are frighted," you say,
"At my silence last week, and unlook'd-for delay:"
I promis'd another epistle should follow,
But I promis'd without the consent of APOLLO:
Oh, BROTHER! a cruel disorder invades,
And ELYSIUM invites me to dwell with the shades.
As I lie on my bed in a state of dejection,
I am griev'd to the soul by this dismal reflection,
That if SIMPKIN should sink underneath his disorder,
The LEADER of *Leaders* may want a RECORDER.

Before *great* EDMUND spoke, in strains sublime,
Liv'd Orators who rav'd as long and loud;
Whose names have perish'd in the stream of time,
Sunk in oblivion with the silent crowd!
In the cold earth, if he forgotten lie,
What is the *indefatigable tongue?*
The eloquent and mute alike must die,
If ORATORY's praise be left unsung.

But if the assistance of WARREN, and BAKER,
Disappoint for the present the sad Undertaker;
I trust that the CHIEFS which illumine my piece,
In fame will survive like the *Worthies* of GREECE.

You ask me, *dear* SIMON, if EDMUND the nice,
Who, like Jack, rose to combat the GIANT of VICE;
Who declar'd that *corruption* and base *peculation*,
Taints every good Christian who visits that nation:
That all are corrupt in the highest degree,
Except his *oft-mention'd immaculate* THREE.
You ask me, if EDMUND, *these dangers foreknowing*,
Consented to WILL, his *dear Relative's*, going?
Oh! SIMON! I often reflect on those days,
We have spent on the Mountains in innocent plays;
Where from morning till night, 'twas our custom to keep,
So our father commanded, the runts and the sheep:
How often with GWYNNY, sweet PHYLLIS, and CHLOE,
In the evening we danc'd, on the Banks of the TOWEY.
In those innocent days, but, alas! they are fled!
I never suspected what any one said:
In NATURE's plain words, in SIMPLICITY's stile,
We spoke what we thought, we were strangers to guile;
But in this *great* METROPOLIS, *few are so weak*
As to SAY *what they* THINK, *or to* THINK *what they* SPEAK.

Here

Here daily-repeated experience teaches,
How the *actions* of Men, disagree wit h *their speeches*;
Their language and stile, men adapt to their cases,
As ladies, their colours, adapt to their faces:
And an Orator's speech stands in need of adorning,
As a *City* DAME's face, does of paint in the morning.

Yes, *Brother*, the fact is undoubtedly true,
And I safely may venture, to tell it to you,
To INDIA, his Cousin, great EDMUND sent o'er,
As *Agent* to TUL-JA-JEE, *Chief of Tanjore*;
But when into *Office*, *our Orator* got,
Cousin WILL * he remov'd, from *Tanjore*, to *Arcot*;
For BURKE and his family, *most people say*,
Are anxious at all times, *to finger the Pay*.
Tho' they look upon Gold, *as pestiferous Trash*,
They are partial, it seems, to the *counting of cash*.
'Tis written, offenders we should not condemn,
As perhaps some excuse may be pleaded for them;
It may be, that BURKE's *cousin*, was sent to that nation,
To set an example of strange moderation.
So EDMUND and FOX, once *were* willing to take
ALL THE EAST TO THEMSELVES, for HUMANITY'S SAKE!

* Mr. WILLIAM BURKE, Agent to the Rajah of Tanjore from 1777 to 1782, when Lord ROCKINGHAM appointed him, (at the recommendation of Mr. EDMUND BURKE,) Paymaster of the King's Forces in India, which office he still retains.

And

And left ſouls ſhould be damn'd for attachment to
pelf,
BURKE conſented to take, *half the ſin to himſelf*;
In hopes of effecting the purification
Of morals, by "*leading men out of temptation.*"

But now, *my dear Brother*, 'tis time I recall
My attention to that which occurr'd at *the* HALL;
I expect in your next, I ſhall find you complaining,
That the buſineſs of Thurſday was not entertaining;
It chiefly conſiſted of document reading,
And GREY and ANSTRUTHER alternately pleading:
Of whom in *one couplet* enough may be ſaid,
The ONE *was* QUICKSILVER, the OTHER was LEAD.
With HASTINGS's *Counſel* they warmly debated,
What evidence ſhould, and what ſhould not be ſtated?
It ſeems, the whole ſtrength of their evidence lies,
In *queſtions*, and *old* MUNNY BEGUM's replies.
But, it ſtrikes me with wonder, I needs muſt confeſs,
When I think of the MANAGERS' laying ſuch ſtreſs,
On the *word of a woman*, a pitiful creature—
As EDMUND deſcrib'd her, "the *outcaſt of nature.*"
Some letters GREY ſaid, "appear'd very unfit,
To be read, as their tendency was to ACQUIT;
Andhere, like *their Chief*, the *ſubordinates try'd*,
To ſhove in accuſations on every ſide;

For

For the MANAGING BODY, 'tis fit you ſhou'd know,
With zeal, and with ardour, all equally glow,
From EDMUND *the head, to* SIR GILBERT *the toe.*
All equally eager and keen on accuſing,
Tho' unequal to FOX in the ſtyle of abuſing,
And unequal to JOSEPH, and BURKE, in amuſing.
But the CHANCELLOR tir'd of their pleaſant digreſſions,
Set forth, as I thought, ſome unfriendly expreſſions.
Lord THURLOW is very preciſe and exact,
And reliſhes nothing but *matter of fact*;
To EQUITY *bred*, and inur'd from his youth
To *elaborate inveſtigation of truth*;
He thinks oratorical flights and alluſions,
In *criminal caſes*, improper intruſions.
He ſays, that no charges are fit to be quoted,
Except *thoſe alone* which the COMMONERS voted;
That the Managers ſhould not be ſuffer'd to ſtray,
But *prove*, and *eſtabliſh*, whatever they ſay.
Notwithſtanding, *dear* BROTHER, this rigid decree,
Is deſtructive at once to *my* HERO and ME;
Notwithſtanding its conſequence I may deplore,
The CHANCELLOR'S CHARACTER, *all men adore!*
'Twas HE who of late, on a trying occaſion,
Was proof againſt *threats*, and the *arts of perſuaſion*;
Who *his* MAKER invok'd, if HE *ever forſook*
His *ſick Maſter*, to blot his own name from the book;

When

When BURKE, in his phrenzy, announc'd to the world,
" *That the king, by Omnipotence ſmitten, was hurl'd*
" *From his Throne!*" He ſtood forth in that critical hour,
To ſecure to his KING, *the reſumption of* POWER;
Like CATO, in *Virtue*, inflexibly ſtrong,
No *paſſion can urge him, to* THAT *which is wrong.*

This day, tho' the reaſon I cannot yet find,
BURKE, like *inſignificance*, reſted behind;
And for relaxation, FOX *went to a race*,
Leaving *well-belov'd* JOSEPH to act in his place;
Who, if GREY and ANSTRUTHER were forc'd to give back,
Like a *corps de reſerve*, might renew the attack.
FAREWELL, my *dear* SIMON! and *Deo volente*,
Another epiſtle ſhall quickly be ſent ye.

June 9th, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

PREPARING last Wednesday to visit the HALL,
My *maiden Aunt* BRIDGET, just gave me a call;
You know she was frighted away from the *bar*,
By the story BURKE told about PRINCE CANTIMAR,
I could never prevail on my *delicate Aunt*
Till Wednesday, to think of repeating her jaunt:
And I firmly believe she would not have gone then,
If I had not assur'd her, that modest young men,
Like GREY, and some others, who being beginners,
Wou'd not talk so loosely, as harden'd old Sinners.
So when the time fix'd by adjournment drew nigh,
Away went together, *Aunt* BRIDGET and I;
It chanc'd that the LORDS long engag'd in Debate,
This day did not make their appearance till late.
We sat in the GALLERY more than an hour,
Whilst my *Aunt* grew exceedingly peevish and sour;
She abus'd without mercy, delays of the law,
And in gen'ral found fault, with whatever she saw:
She was not, however, averse to allowing
That their LORDSHIPS *were highly improv'd in their bowing;*

This

This could not, ſhe thought, be imputed to chance,
But that EDMUND, turn'd *Maſter*, had taught them to *dance*.
And if BRIDGET, this ſummer, ſhou'd come down to Wales,
You'll not be ſurpris'd, if, among other tales,
You hear her in Company boldly advancing,
That EDMUND has open'd a *College for Dancing*.

Now the LORDS are aſſembled, and BURKE begins boring,
The COURT, with ſome papers collected by GORING;
And the COUNSEL, as uſual, repeat their objections
To receiving as *Evidence*, GORING's *Collections*;
Here EDMUND inſiſting, their LORDSHIPS withdraw,
To communicate queſtions to *Men of the Law*;
They return, and the anſwer comes out as expected,
And GORING's *Collection* is alſo REJECTED.
Now querulous EDMUND proceeds to remark,
That himſelf and the MANAGERS were in the dark:
" I have ſuffer'd no method, no mode to eſcape,
" I have try'd, and will try it in every ſhape;
" It may be that your LORDSHIPS are not well contented,
" With the manner, in which our addreſs is preſented;
" If we fail in punctilio, or etiquette,
" The MANAGERS right, it behoves you to ſet."—

Now BURKE, like a fly, that has tasted of honey,
Returns in great haste, to his *favorite* MUNNY;
With vehemence urges, " 'tis vastly absurd,
" To question or doubt of *her* HIGHNESS's *word*;
" That where Ladies of rank cannot *decently swear*,
" We ought to believe, what they choose to declare;"
And he mention'd some dames of such delicate pride,
Who *swore before men*, and in consequence *dy'd*.
He said, that in INDIA, great men had a pleasure,
In making fine Ladies, *deposits of Treasure*;
That the principal part of their riches were kept,
By those Ladies, with whom they most frequently slept;
You'll remember, perhaps, that when HASTINGS asserted
That custom *—by EDMUND 'twas much controverted;
This, however, is *nothing*—for BURKE when he tries,
With equal *facility proves and denies*.
Now EDMUND impassion'd, persists in declaring,
His indifference as to her Ladyship's swearing;
That as long as life lasted, he never would fail
To *stick to the Lady*, and *stand by her tale*.
Here my *Aunt's virgin modesty* suffer'd a *shock*,
By supposing that BURKE meant the *tail* of her *smock*;
And away from the HALL the *prim virgin* had fled,
If I had not explain'd what the MANAGER said;

* See Mr. Burke's Speeches last year, and Mr. Sheridan's.

But

But as ſoon as his meaning was *well underſtood*;
She acknowledg'd that BURKE was *exceedingly good*.
And obſerv'd that 'twas ſomething uncommon to find,
In political men ſuch a liberal mind;
And to women in years ſo attentive and kind.
To proceed—BURKE declares, that the MANAGERS mean,
To keep their own conſciences eaſy and clean;
" We offer good proof—if your LORDSHIPS reject it,
" All the ſin is your own, and I'd have you expect it.
" 'Tis owing to you, and 'twill ne'er be forgotten,
" That the firmament pillars are periſh'd and rotten."
At theſe words, my *Aunt's viſage* diſcover'd her fears,
Leſt the firmament tumbling, ſhou'd fall on her ears.
But EDMUND, involv'd in a miſt of dark vapours,
At *this univerſal rejection of papers*,
Conceiv'd in his mind a moſt intricate plot,
To make out his proof from the *conduct of* SCOTT:
Eſtabliſhing firmly a *new orthodoxy*,
That a man may confeſs HIMSELF *guilty by proxy*;
And indeed, I muſt own, 'tis an excellent way,
Of making *the Agent* his MASTER betray.
This fail'd—and by way of retrieving his loſs,
BURKE adverts to the ſayings of RAJAH GOURDOSS;
But this, like the reſt, by the COUNSEL diſputed,
Is repell'd as unworthy of being refuted.

Then EDMUND, to beat legal arguments down,
Made curious remarks on a COUNSELLOR's *gown*;
Whence I learnt that as *ſcarlet* makes OFFICERS brave,
A COUNSELLOR's *gown*, makes a *Counſellor* grave:
And I think from their making their *perukes* ſo big,
Legal knowledge is chiefly *contain'd in the wig*;
For very wiſe people are free to confeſs,
Human character chiefly depends upon *dreſs*.
Juſt here, 'twas diſcover'd, that EDMUND the arch,
Upon HASTINGS's *troops* had been ſtealing a march;
But as rather too ſoon his intention was found,
The vigilant foe drove him back to his ground.
You muſt know, near the cloſe of this tedious debate,
Where *my* HERO ſo frequently ſuffer'd *defeat*,
The term of "*Prepoſterous*" EDMUND apply'd,
In a way to the LORDS as affected their pride—
But whilſt they conſulted and talk'd of adjourning,
My HERO bethought him of *twiſting and turning*:
He loudly demanded their LORDSHIPS wou'd ſtay,
Juſt to hear him adroitly explain it away;
He ſaid, what he deem'd a *prepoſterous part*,
Was putting the *cart-horſes*, after *the cart*.
And as BURKE ſeem'd to ſpeak with ſome marks of ſubmiſſion,
Their LORDSHIPS accepted of *this definition*:

Con-

Concluding, perhaps, that he best could define,
The true meaning of sayings, so much *in his line.*
I observ'd in one part of my HERO's *Oration,*
He was suddenly struck with profound veneration,
For the COMPANY's *Books*—and I heard with surprize,
These varidical Records can never tell lies :
And where he could get nothing fairer or better,
He would even put up with *a sketch for a letter.*
I observ'd before EDMUND had clos'd the debate,
There was scarcely *a Manager seen in his seat.*
Some reasons induc'd all *the* CHIEFS to withdraw,
And they left BURKE to fight DALLAS, PLOMER, and LAW :
So when HECTOR compell'd all *the Grecians* to yield,
Old NESTOR alone stood disputing the field.
At length, BURKE with pleading was deeply oppreſt,
So he begg'd to adjourn, that *his tongue might have rest.*
But as I'm in the humour of scribbling away,
I'll now give a sketch of what pass'd *the next day.*

You must know, that BURKE wanted to see the Instruction,
From HASTINGS to SCOTT, so he mov'd its *production :*
When the COURT was assembled, he spoke for two Hours,
About Major SCOTT, and his *general powers :*

He deſcrib'd them as having *unbounded dimenſion*,
Whilſt the COUNSEL deny this *uncommon extenſion* :
A whiſper, mean time, round the GALLERY ran,
" *Which is he ?*" and " Where is this *powerful man ?*"
NOW EDMUND proceeds with examining SCOTT,
Concerning what *powers*, he *had*, and *had not* :
But SCOTT, who is fond of beginning *de novo*,
And tracing the growth of *his Chicken ab ovo*,
Began a long ſpeech, and went on to relate,
Some things which my CHIEF *did not want him to ſtate* ;
And unable to judge what he farther might ſay,
BURKE *ſeem'd in a hurry to ſend him away.*
So he left unfulfill'd THAT *repeated prediction*,
That HASTINGS, *to* SCOTT, *ſhould owe certain conviction.**

In the courſe of this day, *an immortal commander*,
Diſputed with LAW, on the meaning of *ſlander*.
You remember the COMMONERS once diſavow'd,
Some things which the Orator utter'd aloud.
LAW thinks an *accuſer*, that cannot ſupport,
His Charges, with *evidence given in* COURT,
Is *guilty of* SLANDER—but EDMUND and FOX,
In concert with all the *loud tongues in the box*,
Say, *falſe accuſation* deſerves no ſuch name,
Till the HOUSE *of St. Stephen, pronounce it the ſame.*

* See Mr. Burke's Letter to Mr. Montague.

Here

Here this letter ends :—but expect, my dear Brother,
As soon as I've matter, I'll send you another :
But my AUNT BRIDGETT says, lest her nephew forget her,
She too has some thoughts of transmitting a Letter.

June 17th, 1789.

LETTER XXXII.

OH, BROTHER! Oh, BROTHER! I'm deeply diſtreſt,
My mind is a *bliſter*, a ſtranger to reſt:
I have ſad news to give you, but when you receive it,
'Tis impoſſible, SIMON, *that you ſhould believe it.*
At St. STEPHEN'S, laſt Tueſday, BURKE ſpoke of an order,
To turn SIMPKIN out of *his poſt* of RECORDER:
Oh! where is that promiſe, made many months ſince,
That I ſhould be *Laureat*, one day, to *the* PRINCE?
Alas! all my hopes from HIS HIGHNESS are fled!
Ah! why did I truſt what *an* ORATOR ſaid?
The praiſes of EDMUND, ah! why did I ſing?
And offend, for *his* ſake, both *the* QUEEN and *the* KING?
But what adds to my ſorrow, beyond all expreſſion,
(I am cover'd with ſhame while I make this confeſſion)
Is, that EDMUND, becoming *my critical foe*,
Has declar'd that my ſtile "*is exceedingly low*;"
That *facts are miſtated, aſſertions untrue,*
That I gave him not HALF *of the praiſe, which is due.*

He's

He's afraid that good people, who live at a diſtance,
Who read not *the* HERALD, and draw no aſſiſtance,
From *ſuch kind of prints*, which diurnally paint,
BURKE's *party* as *cherubs*, and BURKE as a *Saint*,
From reading *my letters*, may look on the Heroes,
As *Thraſonical Blocks*, or *tyrannical* NEROES.
And this, notwithſtanding, I vow and proteſt,
I have always endeavour'd at doing my beſt.
If *the* MANAGERS' ſpeeches ſeem *not very good*,
I will ſwear I detail'd them as well as I cou'd.
But he wiſhes the PRESS *to be under ſubjection*,
And publiſh no Speeches without his inſpection,
And when they require it—*his learned correction*.
BURKE ſays, that the *lying*, *iniquitous* WORLD,
For its manifold ſins, ſhould be "SMITTEN and HURL'D."
He, who open'd a College for *bowing* and *capers*,
Would the COMMONS inſtruct in the HURLING of *Papers*:
He, who formerly thought it an innocent thing
In JUNIUS, and others, to libel *the* KING,
Now holds it the greateſt of abominations,
For *the* WORLD to profane his *own ſacred orations*:
He, who formerly held that a *Law Proſecution*
For a LIBEL, would ruin a *good* CONSTITUTION,
Is willing that SIMPKIN ſhould now undergo it,
For being a "low, an inelegant Poet."

Oh,

Oh, BROTHER! we innocent *natives* of WALES
Are too often misled by insidious tales;
I have heard that a DUCHESS, remark'd for her taste,
And, that ROYALTY also, some minutes would waste,
In reading my LETTERS, and us'd to admit,
That I wrote with fidelity, humour, and wit.
The DUCHESS asserted, that EDMUND's *sublime*,
Appearing in SIMPKIN's fantastical rhime,
Becomes such a happy, fortuitous texture,
That it ought to be christen'd, *the* BEAUTIFUL MIXTURE.
But now, as the CHIEF has his Poet rejected,
A DUCHESS's *taste* may be justly suspected:
But I've something to tell you, a hundred times worse,
BURKE wants *to attach* both *my person*, and *purse*.
Tho' he ne'er gave in money, so much as *a penny*,
To his Poet, whose verses, you know, have been many.
It seems, if the HOUSE would concur in the plot,
He would take the *last* FARTHING *poor* SIMPKIN has
got.
In all other cases, *except this of mine*,
'Twere dang'rous, BURKE thinks, to proceed in that line,
Were an insolent senator guilty of treason,
An ATTACHMENT would not be consistent with reason;
But because his own Poet, in BURKE's estimation,
Has not dress'd to his liking, *for once*, an oration,

He

He would turn the DELINQUENT now out of employment,
And ſtrip him of fortune, and ev'ry enjoyment.
Oh, BROTHER! how cruel, how hard is the fate
Of thoſe who rely on *the words of the* GREAT!

But now your attention, 'tis fit I recal,
To the bus'neſs of Wedn'ſday at WESTMINSTER HALL.
The HOUSE met:—and the CHANCELLOR ſaid, "'twas "agreed
"That the MANAGERS be not permitted to read,
"MUNNY BEGUM's *epiſtle*:"—Then EDMUND declar'd,
Tho' their LORDSHIPS deciſion he always rever'd,
He muſt, notwithſtanding, beg leave to remark,
That *their* PRINCIPLES *hitherto were in the dark*;
"And unleſs for *new lights* we have reaſon to hope,
"In darkneſs it muſt be our fortune to grope."
Now EDMUND, with fervour, *their* LORDSHIPS admoniſh'd,
Of the dangers attending *Men's being aſtoniſh'd*,
At the wond'rous deciſion, which reaſon confounds,
Being built, as BURKE thinks, upon *technical grounds*.
"Howe'er, I muſt yield to your determination,
"Tho' it humbles the MANAGERS, COMMONS, and "NATION.

"But

" But left *as I am*, without light to conduct me,
" While your LORDSHIPS ſeem not much inclin'd to in-
" ſtruct me,
" May I venture *to gueſs*, that you would not allow it,
" Becauſe MAJOR SCOTT did not chooſe to avow it?
" DISAVOWALS, my LORDS, are form'd into a *ſyſtem*,
" And as far as we're able, we ought to reſiſt 'em."
As my HERO was ſpeaking, I could not help thinking,
That he rather was ſaving *that ſyſtem* from *ſinking*.
For the ſpeeches my ORATOR utter'd aloud,
As recorded by me, HE has ſince *diſavow'd*.
Nay, the MANAGERS all diſavow and deteſt,
Their own children, becauſe they are ſhabbily dreſt.
To return—EDMUND failing in this laſt attack,
To RAJAH GOURDOSS he precipitates back;
And here a new queſtion aroſe to be ſtated,
Which by FOX and the COUNSEL was warmly debated:
The ſubject, I cannot preciſely ſay what,
But 'twas whether ſome action was *kindneſs*, or *not*?
Some Office, conferr'd to oblige the NABOB,
Which EDMUND ſuſpects was *corruption* and *job*.
After ARGUMENTATION, at *half after two*,
To conſider the queſtion, *their* LORDSHIPS *withdrew*.
And while the *grave Peers* BURKE is driving about,
'Tis pleaſant to ſee them—*go in*—and *go out*:

But

But before, *my dear* SIMON, I bid you adieu,
I must tell you that nothing that EDMUND can do,
Shall ever prevent me from writing to you.
Not HOMER, who sung of ACHILLES and *fighting*,
Had more pleasure than me in heroical writing;
A *subject*, like BURKE, I can't think of forsaking,
But must keep him in mind, whether *sleeping* or *waking*;
Howe'er, for the present, my writing I'll end,
And to-morrow AUNT BRIDGET a letter will send,

June 24th, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

AUNT BRIDGET TO HER SISTER MARGARET,

MOTHER OF

SIMPKIN AND SIMON.

My dear Sister MAGGY, this letter I write,
To remind you of *one* that is *out of your* ſight;
But having no pleaſanter tales to relate,
Like SIMPKIN, I'll write about *matters of ſtate.*
You muſt know, that as SIMPKIN would take no denial,
I lately went with him to HASTINGS's *Trial*;
And indeed, I muſt own, I was highly delighted,
Without, as before, being dreadfully frighted:
You have oft heard me ſay, I ſhould never forgive,
The ORATOR, EDMUND, as long as I live:
I thought him a wretch, of *ideas unclean*,
Of libidinous fancy, and language obſcene;
If I heard any perſon but mention his name,
The remembrance of *Cantemar*, fill'd me with ſhame:
That *wicked young fellow*, whoſe Mother's delight,
Was to lead to his chamber ſome *preſent* each night.

How-

Howe'er, *my dear* MAGGY, the laſt day I went,
Great part of the time was agreeably ſpent;
But what above all did my wonder engage,
Is EDMUND's attention *to Ladies in* AGE.
Ev'ry man that you meet with, makes uſe of his *tongue*,
In praiſe and behalf of a LADY *that's young*;
But EDMUND, than others more *generous* and *bold*,
Is fond of protecting, *the* DAMES *that are old.*
Oh! when EDMUND dies, how the Ladies will miſs him,
And I think, while he lives, *the old women ſhould kiſs him!*
He has made an impreſſion ſo deep on my breaſt,
That if his OLD WOMAN were ſettled at reſt,
And BURKE were to offer, I could not withſtand,
The temptation of taking him *faſt by the hand.*
And as his finances are not very great,
He might like to partake of *his* BRIDGET's *eſtate.*
How often together we'd walk on the mountains,
Sit down on the rocks, and drink out of the fountains!
There EDMUND would make a moſt elegant farmer,
And at times make ORATIONS to me, *as his charmer*:
Oh! how the *Welch Squires* after dinner would ſit,
And admire, like the bottle, the ORATOR's *wit.*

When EDMUND is ſpeaking, my ſoul ſo rejoices,
In the accent attending that ſweeteſt of voices;

It

It puts me in mind of that *good-natur'd Paddy*,
Who liv'd as a footman, you know, with our Daddy,
And us'd to divert us with comical ſcenes,
When you and I, MARGARET, were in our teens.

When the LORDS were aſſembled, and BURKE began ſpeaking,
I obſerv'd *many* NOBLES with laughter were ſhaking;
For ſo pleaſant is he, that he cannot "*fateague 'em*,"
Tho' he ſpoke for a twelvemonth *concerning* "*the* "BHEAGUM."*
But I am not leſs charm'd with *the* ORATOR's *figure*,
Whoſe ſize and appearance make promiſe of vigour.
Tho' ſome people ſay, that this is not a truth,
For his power, like a *ſerpent's*, all lies in his mouth;
But be this as it may, all the caſh in my purſe,
I would give to poſſeſs him, "for better and worſe."

I now have to add, when their LORDSHIPS adjourn'd,
To LILLY LLANSTUFFIN's your ſiſter return'd;
There I found Mrs. WELLS, who, for *new imitations*,
Might challenge with ſafety *all* COUNTRIES, and NATIONS.

* We ſuppoſe AUNT BRIDGET is in love with BURKE's method of pronouncing the word Begum.

With resemblance surprising, she imitates all
The SPEAKERS that figure in WESTMINSTER HALL.
When like FOX I observe her with vehemence speak,
She has got to the life—his *rat-tat* and his *squeak*.
When she imitates EDMUND, *the Irishman's* tone,
Is so like, that you'd swear 'twas *the* ORATOR's *own*;
To his mode of pronouncing surprisingly true,
When she speaks of *the* BHEAGUM, and CANTA-BAH
BHOO;
And when she's repeating what ANSTRUTHER said,
You have SATURN before you, *the father of lead*.
Then all of a sudden she changes the play,
And shews her white teeth as politely as GREY.
When reading, like ERSKINE, she rises and drops,
And is equally careful in minding her stops:
There is not one speaker, as far as I find,
Save only the Clerk, who can leave her behind;
But what will surprise you still more than the rest,
—And I solemnly tell you it is not a jest—
She wrote *twenty lines*, and I stood by the while,
Exactly in SIMPKIN's own manner and style:
And as SIMPKIN acknowledg'd he could not write better,
He stole them to fill up a space in his Letter.
The people who heard her, are led to suppose,
That as soon as the Trial shall draw to a close,

 She'll

She'll *exhibit her* CHARACTERS all on the ſtage—
Where ſhe never can fail to *amuſe*, and *engage*.
One proof of her merit, muſt all people ſtrike,
Which is, *vulgar papers expreſs their diſlike.*
Till CHARACTER riſes in *fame* and *renown*,
ENVY's *never employ'd in the pulling it down.*—
And now, *my Dear* MAGGY, no more will I write,
As I'm going to RANELAGH this very night.

BRIDGET.

June 19th, 1789.

LETTER XXXIV.

LAST WEDNESDAY, *dear* BROTHER, I went to the HALL,
But, as matters turn'd out, for just nothing at all,
For indeed, you must know, in the scriptural way,
"The beginning and end, made the whole of the day."
But some *metaphysical People* pretend,
That it had no beginning, and yet had an END.
This point I must leave to your EDMUNDS, and FOXES,
Who can easily make, and expound paradoxes.
To speak in plain terms, it came out as expected,
That the evidence offer'd was also rejected.
Then a motion was made by a *dignify'd* PEER,
That the JUDGES of ENGLAND be ask'd to declare,
From what *principle* or what *construction* of LAW,
This decided opinion they learnedly draw?
That moment the CHANCELLOR mov'd to adjourn,
And back to their CHAMBER, their LORDSHIPS return.
'Twas expected that BURKE would have made an attack,
But the Lords, for some cause, did not choose to come back:
Perhaps they were weary of bowing and scraping,
And so seiz'd the occasion at once of escaping;

But BURKE means it well—as a Cure for the GOUT,
And makes them—as *Physic*—go in and go out.
But those LORDS, who like BURKE, are ambitious of soaring,
And of heights unattain'd have a zeal for exploring,
Or wish for a ride in LUNARDI's *Balloon*,
To visit the man who inhabits the Moon:
Those LORDS to whose lot such high qualities fall,
Like me, have their BONUM, in WESTMINSTER HALL.
But to shew you, *dear* SIMON, in what estimation
All classes of people hold EDMUND's oration;
To what Countries far distant, his glory is spread,
Wherever the WORLD and *my Letters* are read—
From DUBLIN, *dear* DUBLIN, ten Citizens came,
From WATERFORD six, CARRICKFERGUS the same,
From LIMERICK seven, and nearly as many
From the town and the country surrounding KILKENNY;
From the *Highlands* of SCOTLAND the *Lairds* and the *Thanes*,
From SKY the M'DONALDS, from MULL the M'LEANS,
Are expected in town in the course of the week—
For once in their lives to hear eloquence speak.
The *Gallery tickets* were in such demand,
And promises given so long beforehand,
That Wednesday, Miss BRIDGET, our delicate Aunt,
For want of a ticket, was stopt in her jaunt:

She,

She, who long was accuſtom'd to *purr* like a CAT,
To find fault with this—to be angry with that,
Is now ſo affected, ſo ſmitten with love,
That *ſhe coos to herſelf*, like a mate-ſeeking dove.
Whether waking or ſleeping, or ſitting or walking,
Of BURKE and IMPEACHMENTS, ſhe's conſtantly talking,
And it is my opinion, I give you my honor—
She will die, unleſs EDMUND has pity upon her.

The *Gallery Strangers*, who came from afar,
Who had never heard EDMUND declaim at the BAR;
Whoſe minds were inflated with high expectation,
Of hearing the ORATOR make an oration;
With faces extended with grief and with ſhame,
All went to their lodgings as wiſe as they came.
I conſol'd them by ſaying, they need not be vex'd,
For BURKE would harangue us at *Meeting the next*.
And after by accident reſting ſo long,
His fancy, and tongue would be lively and ſtrong;
And CHARLES, who has ſtudy'd each *Specie* and *Genus*,
Of Laws in the *Courts*, and the *Temple of* VENUS;
And SHERIDAN too, it is thought will unbridle,
Or they'll loſe all their fame by remaining ſo idle.

And 'tis alſo expected, that ERSKINE and GREY,
As *Readers*, or *Speakers*, will figure away;
For great is the taſk they have taken in hand,
To throw on its back all the LAWS *of the* LAND.

And now, my *dear* SIMON, I hope you'll excuſe,
My dullneſs this time, if I fail to amuſe;
The LADY who formerly us'd to aſſiſt,
To recal to my mind, any point that I miſt;
To whoſe good underſtanding, ſound judgement and taſte,
I ſubmitted the lines which I ſcribbled in haſte;
Who expung'd all the parts ſhe conſider'd unfit,
And the places ſupply'd from the ſtores of her wit,
To CHELTENHAM has fled!—

And farther, ſtill farther—I am told ſhe is going,
Impell'd, I ſuſpect, by the ambition of ſhowing,
To MAJESTY, which from the height of its ſtation,
From EDMUND and FOX never heard an oration,
Their *mode of declaiming*—in her IMITATION;
For the MONARCH himſelf, 'tis on all ſides allow'd,
Of ſubjects like them, may with reaſon be proud;
ROME boaſted of TULLY—DEMOSTHENES, GREECE;
But which of thoſe Orators left us a piece,
Of eloquence equal to EDMUND, or FOX,
When they ſport their *dark brows* in the MANAGERS' *Box*?

As

As of coming to town it may anſwer the end—
From your mountain ſublime I would have you deſcend,
And ſee Mrs. WELLS, who will give you, your Brother
So like, that you ſcarce will know *one*, from the OTHER.

And now, my *dear* SIMON, I bid you adieu,
Till EDMUND finds matter for writing to you!

July 6th, 1789.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM SHENKIN IN WALES,

TO HIS

COUSIN SIMPKIN IN LONDON.

MY DEAR COUSIN SIMPKIN, your kindred in WALES,
Are quite overcome with your excellent tales;
Which have work'd like a charm on *your family* here,
And we meet twice a week, who ſcarce, met twice a year.
All the toils, all the pleaſures of life at a ſtand,
Till SIMPKIN's *expected addreſs* comes to hand;
And proud to partake your poetical flame,
We all ſtrive to ſtrike out, a ſpark of the ſame.
There's SIMON ſits rhyming from morning till night,
Who in *ſhooting*, and *courſing*, once plac'd all delight;
Nay, even *your* AUNT, has her ſhare of your vein,
And has teem'd with a *ſweet little brat of the brain.*
So this muſt account and atone for my ſcrawl;
Since your friends are grown *Poets*, *Aunt* BRIDGET, and *all.*

Dear

Dear Coz', now I've once broke the ice in my way,
I hope you'll excuſe what I'm going to ſay:
I, who never ſaw LONDON, nor LONDON's *ſtrange folks*,
May well be ſuppoſed, *a fit dupe for your jokes*;
But the devil ſhall take me, if e'er I could credit,
One half what you write, *tho' an angel had ſaid it.*
Forgive me, *dear* SIMPKIN, altho' at this diſtance,
I preſume not to combat, *the* TRIAL's *exiſtence*:
(The trial of *one* WARREN HASTINGS, *I* mean,
Said to come back from INDIA, *with hands not too clean.*)
Yet the *out-line* is all I conceive to be true;
It's fantaſtical ſhade I attribute to you.
I applaud both your parts and your courage, *dear* COUSIN,
Thus to *ſtand by a man*, when attack'd by a DOZEN.
But ſurely you write for the PILL'RY, or STOCKS,
When you handle ſuch names as BURKE, ADAM, and FOX;
And venture erecting your batt'ry, *point blank*,
At Chiefs of ſuch *high*, SENATORIAL *rank*.
Our choiceſt, beſt patriots, you ſhrink not to paint,
Like DEVILS combin'd to demoliſh a SAINT;
And *their leader* for SATAN's *own picture* might ſit,
If he had but LESS *malice*, and *ten times* MORE *wit*.

Last year, when you told us the ORATOR took,
That beastly quotation from CANTEMAR's *book*,
I concluded your fancy, like high-mettled horse,
Had jostled your judgement, clean out of the course:
For a *brute*, ill-condition'd enough, to make sport
On such a *grave cause*, in so *solemn a court*,
With grossest obscenities tainting the ears,
Of LADIES, and JUDGES, and BISHOPS, and PEERS,
Must deserve from *all human abodes to be hurl'd*,
Scoff'd, hust'd, hiss'd, thump'd, and kick'd out of the WORLD.
This story I therefore conclude is a creature,
Merely hatch'd in your brain, to embellish your metre.

All your letters of late are fill'd with fresh crosses,
Attending this *Antediluvian Process:*
How often the MANAGERS play the stale game,
Of *dismissing the* AUDIENCE *as wise as it came*;*
While their LORDSHIPS *come in—then go out—then come in,*
Like puppets, ere PUNCH *is prepar'd to begin.*
From BURKE *the sublime*, to ANSTRUTHER and GREY,
You give ev'ry one a smart lash in your way,
That they'd readily palm, *any papers they found*,
For evidence legal, substantial, and sound;

* Mr. BURKE sent the LORDS *six times*, from Westminster Hall, to the Chamber of Parliament, *upon the same question.*

And

And proteſt in a huff, if a doubt croſs their words,
As if any traſh might ſuffice for the LORDS.
'Tis but lately you broach'd, with miſchievous intention,
A ſcandalous tale of your own vile invention.
That your HERO, of looſe and incontinent tongue,
Had *been ſnubb'd* by the COMMONS for language too ſtrong.
If a MANAGER thus ſhould be *ſnubb'd by the* HOUSE,
*His word is no more worth "three ſkips of a louſe;"**
And I ne'er can believe that ſuch infatuation,
Could ſeize all the wiſeſt, beſt heads in the nation,
As to liſten with pleaſure, or liſten at all,
To what a *ſnubb'd* MANAGER, *ſays in the* HALL.

In ſhort, *my dear* SIMPKIN, I can but admit,
Your letters moſt choice, both in metre and wit,
But beware, leſt that ſad inclination to lye,
Bring you living to *jail*, and to HELL when you die.
Retreat then in time from the path you have choſen,
Is th' advice of your *friend* and affectionate COUSIN.

SHENKIN.

July 2d, 1789.

* See Mr. BURKE's ſpeech on the Regency Bill, in January.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

YOU REMEMBER, *dear Brother*, my ſtating to you,
The queſtion on which the *Tribunal* withdrew;
They on ſomething reſolv'd, tho' I cannot ſay what,
As when *the Court* met, they diſcover'd it not;
But 'twas hinted to me, *they ſuſpected a* PLOT.
For knowing that EDMUND is arch and deſigning,
A *good pioneer*, and converſant in *mining*;
'Twas concluded, that if they betray'd the foundation,
He would blow up at once, *all the* LAW *in the nation.*
When *the* LORDS were aſſembled, Fox roſe up to plague 'em
With GORING's *Epiſtle*, and one from "BURKE's "*Bheagum*;"
Which, as they were publicly printed, he ſaid,
For their LORDSHIPS' *Appendix*, they ought to be read;
But HASTINGS's *Counſel*, an argument drew,
To prove *printing a paper*, can't render *it* TRUE.
Fox anſwer'd—"*The* COUNSEL muſt yield to their fate,
"For indeed they have made their objection too late;
"And as they had read the ſaid Paper *before*,
"There could be no harm if they read it *once more*."

That

That it ever was read, the *learn'd* COUNSEL deny'd,—
It was ENTER'D *as* READ, their OPPONENT reply'd;
Who rested his case on this argument sole,
That *reading a part*, must be *reading the* WHOLE;
And of error the MANAGERS try'd to convict 'em,
By praising and quoting the CHANCELLOR's *dictum*.
Then EDMUND, who constantly loves to regale
The ears of *the* COURT, with a *ludicrous tale*,
Inform'd us, at length, of the perils and dangers,
Which may happen at VENICE, to *ignorant strangers*.
He told us of *one*, who the STATE reprehended,
And another who highly extoll'd, and defended;
" BOTH *of whom*, by the SENATE *of* VENICE were hung,
" For *unjustifiable licence of tongue*.
" One was hang'd for the making a *verbal attack*,
" The other for *whitening*, what *never was black*.
" To the CHANCELLOR only then let it belong,
" To disprove that his doctrine deliver'd was wrong."
After many disputes, and long trials to state,
The questions the LORDS were about to debate;
And FOX had express'd his pathetical fears,
That *simplicity* might be dislik'd by the PEERS;
Their LORDSHIPS again had the honour of showing,
Their graceful deportment, in COMING *and* GOING.
They return'd with an answer WE did not expect,
" *That the* MANAGERS *had* NOT *been very correct*;

" *That*

"*That the Orator* CHARLES *had improperly said,*
"*That the* LETTER *of* GORING *was* ENTER'D *as* READ!"
Then CHARLES, who is seldom or ne'er at a loss
When the *dice run against him*, or FORTUNE *is cross*,
Another expedient immediately found,
And offer'd the letter on *quite a new ground*.
He said, "as *their* LORDSHIPS before had consented
"This letter shou'd in the *Appendix* be printed:
"THEY, at any time after, were bound to receive it,
"And, *being in print*, they of course MUST *believe it*."
In answer to CHARLEY, LORD CAMDEN remarks,
That the *printing* was merely an *act of the* CLERKS;
To the printing the MANAGERS should not resort,
Unless they could PROVE it, an *act of the* COURT.
Then CHARLEY lamented, with tears in his eyes,
That he, a poor Commoner, was not so wise,
That he could not discern, whilst left in the dark,
The *Act of the* HOUSE from the *Act of the* CLERK;
The *Doctrine of Evidence*, then he dissected,
Showing what shou'd be taken, and what be rejected.
Here EDMUND broke forth, in his violent way,
Like a *mountain parturient*, he *labour'd* to say,
"That an *Epilogue is the best part of a play*;"
That the Epilogue show'd, which *their* LORDSHIPS had made,
That as *writers of Plays*, they were *young in the trade*:

I sym-

I ſympathiz'd with him, when BURKE was complaining,
That the epilogue was not at all entertaining.
" If it will not, ſays he, ſerve the end of *accuſing*,
" I'm ſure there is nothing in't very amuſing;
" It has neither the *beautiful* nor the *ſublime*,
" And the reading thereof is profuſion of time."
Here BURKE *œconomical*, ſadly regrets
The enormous increaſe of our National Debts;
And frightened to death, leſt the *empire* ſhould ſink,
By *their* LORDSHIPS' *profuſion of paper and ink.*
'Tis expected hereafter, in ſome of his bills,
He will limit the PEERS, in their *paper* and *quills.*
Nor will this be thought ſuch a comical thing,
When we think of his conduct *reſpecting the* KING:
The man whom œconomy urged to withſtand,
The *grant of a lemon*, for MAJESTY's *hand*,
With juſtice and reaſon may move for the ſtinting,
Their LORDSHIP's expence, in ſuperfluous printing.
Now EDMUND obſerves to the LORDS, he has done,
Excepting a word, and it ſhould be *but* ONE;
But, alas! *taciturnity*'s not in his pow'r,
For his tongue like a larum, ran more than an hour.
In printing, he humbly conceiv'd the prevention,
Of reading the paper, was not their intention;
And he hop'd that the COURT, in its gravity, never,
Printed that which could anſwer *no purpoſe whatever.*

That

That it was not like timber, which can't be employ'd,
In a ſhip, or a houſe, and ſo may be deſtroy'd.
The timber, he ſaid, which no artiſt can turn,
To ſome kind of building, he fitly may burn.
Here one of the NOBLES ſeem'd not to admire,
The compound ideas of *appendix*, and *fire*.—
Then CHARLEY came forth, and his Leader defended,
By whom it appears no offence was intended.
This ſettled—their Lordſhips as uſual withdrew,
To debate on a queſtion, that's perfectly new:
They return'd, and the CHANCELLOR ſaid, 'twas agreed
That the MANAGERS, *are not permitted to read.*
Then EDMUND came forth, and began an oration,
With off'ring to Heav'n an ejaculation,
Like a *chaplain* he pray'd, for that *ſpiritual light*,
Which leads all Tribunals to that which is right.
He ſaid, that although they oblig'd him to yield,
He very reluctantly quitted the field;
That during the courſe of the preſent long trial,
He had never been mortify'd ſo by denial.
Now EDMUND, although much depreſs'd by the vapours,
In evidence offer'd additional papers:
Then HASTINGS's *Counſel* aroſe, as expected,
Saying ſimilar proofs, *have been often rejected.*
But CHARLEY contended the MANAGERS ſhou'd,
Try *all things*, and ſtick faſt to THAT *which is good*;

That

That as the *said* MANAGERS could not learn why
Their LORDSHIPS so often were pleas'd to deny,
'Twas a duty incumbent to *offer* and *try*.—
And now, *my dear Brother*, I lay down my pen,
And when I have matter, I'll write you again.

July 7th, 1789.

LETTER XXXVII.

SHENKIN IN WALES,

TO HIS

COUSIN SIMPKIN IN LONDON.

ENOUGH—enough—Dear SIMPKIN! ſpare a while
Thy reader's laughter, and thy hero's bile!
Yet, yet avert, the threat'ning ſtorm that lowers,
Nor brave too raſhly Tribunitian powers!
Shall he, whoſe fame thy antiſeptic rhymes,
Have ſous'd and pickled for remoteſt times,
All alkaline antipathy ſuppreſs,
And gulp with patience all the pungent meſs?
What, are there no officious prompters near,
To whiſper vengeance in his ſmarting ear?
No Managerial Brothers of the pack,
To bark and bounce, *and bellow at his back?*

O! then, in time direct thy wayward way,
Where panegyric's foſt'ring breezes play;
Low at IMPEACHMENT's crimſon altar bow,
Where PEERS obſequious bend—*and well may'ſt thou.*

 —That

—That PRINCE, whom common transports could but
cloy,
Who proffer'd millions for a new-found joy,
Now might at last his unclaim'd gifts bestow
At conj'ring BURKE's *judicial ravee-show.*
O! could I hear him as he raves and foams,
To tempt deluded idlers from their homes;
And shews his *living* LORDS in robes so fine,
While Salmon's Peers of wax unheeded pine!
Could I partake for once the magic sport,
To wait ecstatic in an empty court,
While jaded nobles keep whole hours aloof,
And wince, and startle at illegal proof!

If, then, fate urge thee headlong on to write,
Explain the mystery of this new delight:
Say, by what *hocus pocus*, SIMPKIN, say,
IMPEACHMENT reigns the fashion of the day?
Why on one object all its stores employ;
Has BURKE a patent for this new-found joy?
Sole *Arbiter Deliciarum* he,
And Britain's juggler with exclusive plea?

Nought but the Trial's wonders now prevail;
The Trial's Records load our lagging mail.
Ask a pert LONDONER, "What news of late?"
"—BURKE, Sir, last Thursday was *prodigious great.*

" A ſlender phial's drippings now anoint,
" His tongue, which erſt was delug'd with a pint:
" To give the laſt perfection to his note,
" 'Tis thought a thumb bottle muſt wet his throat.
" With lemon too, he calms th' intruſive wheezing;
" His mouth all parch'd—now ſpeaking, and now
" ſqueezing.
" 'Tis he amuſes now alone the town;
" GUIMARD is ſtill—the Op'ra-Houſe burnt down.
" No puffs of profit buoy the lank balloon:
" No BLANCHARD ſpies Impeachment in the Moon.
" In vain, with painted effigy on high,
" A new Goliah coutts each gazer's eye:
" The Tower's fierce Lions unattended roar;
" The ſtarv'd Stone-muncher dines on flints no more.
" Huſh'd are the gruntings of the Sapient ſwine,
" Which throng'd Saloons once hail'd almoſt divine:
" Poor PIG!—he dy'd, they ſay, of mere deſpair,
" His rival's triumphs were too much to bear."

—SIMPKIN, I burſt, impatient to be taught,
What ſums this grand diſcovery has brought.
By all thy paſt and preſent well-earn'd bays,
By all thy hopes of *fifty more ſuch days*,
O ſay (nor think I mean thy ſhare to rob)
Are thine the only profits of the job?

For

For thine is doubtleſs no mean niggard penſion,
Recording Laureat to this bleſt invention.
Do *purchas'd* tickets, belles and beaux admit
At diff'rent price, to Gall'ry, Box, and Pit?
Or is all debt-reducing ſyſtem croſs'd,
To treat ſpectators at the nation's coſt.

Stands each Performer penſion'd by the week,
Puppets and all—or only thoſe that ſqueak?
Who ſhare the ſplendid pickings of the ſhow?—
It's joint-exhibitors—viz. BURKE and Co.?
Or ſerve the whole, *as one prodigious fee,*
A *bonus* for the *graſping patentee?*

If thou *muſt* write—be, SIMPKIN, this thy toil,
Thou great Apollo of our Cambrian ſoil!
So may adjournments, welcome ſweets, prolong
Thy hero's bliſs, thy ſtipend, and thy ſong!
So BURKE and SIMPKIN's mutual aid ſupport,
The pall'd attention of th' inſulted Court!
So thy new FABIUS cruſh (as well he may)
His much-enduring victim *by delay!*

July 9th, 1789.

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIMPKIN IN LONDON,

TO HIS

COUSIN SHENKIN IN WALES.

DEAR SHENKIN, 'tis time you ſhould now under-
ſtand
That your letters, in order, came ſafely to hand:
That if to *the former* I made no reply,
'Twas becauſe, indirectly, you *gave me the lye.*
You, by way of a compliment, choſe to admit
That my letters were good as to *humour* and *wit*;
But whilſt you allow'd that my verſe was amuſing,
My credulous reading you thought me abuſing.
The TRIAL's *exiſtence* you grant, to be ſure,
But the *picture*, you ſaid, was a CARICATURE.
There's nothing, believe me, that SHENKIN can ſay—
No compliment fine, he can poſſibly pay,
That can ever atone with a *Native of Wales*,
When his honour is wounded, by *doubting his tales.*
There is not at WESTMINSTER, even *one* PEER,
Among thoſe to whom BURKE, and *his party* are dear—

Who

Who join him in other political acts,
But freely ſubſcribes, to *my ſtatement of facts.*
And though it is true, that the facts I rehearſe,
Have a farcical mien, when committed to verſe,
You would ſay, *if you once heard my eloquent ſpeaker,*
The *original*'s ſtrong, *but the picture is weaker.* *

You ſay, you're unwiſe, and I'm glad you avow it,
'Tis your only excuſe, and I therefore allow it;
You fooliſhly balance in Juſtice's ſcales
A POLITICAL CHIEF, with *your neighbours* in WALES;
But ſince from the mountain *your* HIGHNESS came down,
And heard it confirm'd by the dwellers in town,
It ſeems, though you queſtion'd *your couſin's relation,*
You implicitly credit a *ſtranger's* narration.
In your Second Epiſtle, you pleaſantly mention
A ſuppoſal that SIMPKIN *poſſeſſes a penſion;*
My Letter to SIMON, you've ſurely forgot,
I ſaid—and now ſay it, "*Indeed I have* NOT."
To whom would I poſſibly make the requeſt,
The PRIS'NER's *half ruin'd,* and deeply diſtreſt:
My *Heroes themſelves are in general needy,*
And PITT, *as a Stateſman,* is ſhockingly greedy:

* To the truth of this Obſervation, we are ſure every Man, Woman and Child who has attended the Trial, will ſubſcribe.

He would tell me, perhaps, all the cash that he gets,
Will scarcely suffice for the *national debts.*
Nay, *the counsel,* if Edmund could do well without 'em,
Such a miser is Pitt, *he'd be happy to rout 'em.*
I grant, that I *once,* did indulge such a hope,
But my Hero now thinks me *deserving a rope;*
The speeches he makes, *in the moment of madness,*
In his intervals lucid, affect him with sadness.
And when he is told they will injure his fame,
His *Recorder* is sure to come in for the blame.

Believe me, *dear* Shenkin, I've no other ends,
To answer, than barely amusement of Friends;
And when from engagements I'm free and at leisure,
I visit the Hall as a matter of pleasure:
But, from your last letter, I cannot help thinking,
That prejudic'd men have impos'd upon Shenkin;
For you write, *my dear Friend,* as if touch'd with compassion,
A weakness (not Virtue) *that's much out of fashion.*
'Twas nothing but prejudice caus'd you say
That Hastings a victim must fall to *delay.*
You are wrong——and if now it were not out of season,
On the subject before me to argue and reason,
I could prove that a Man, who his youth has expended
In *serving his country,* who bravely defended,

All

All *India* in times of moſt imminent dangers,
From *ill-judging Colleagues*, and *quarrelſome ſtrangers*,
Should, when he can ſerve us in no other way,
Amuſe and divert us—*inſtead of a play.*
The *high-poliſh'd* ATHENS, whene'er ſhe beheld
A ſubject, whoſe zeal in her ſervice excell'd
His equals,—with juſtice that ſubject EXPELL'D.
And that mode of treatment was certainly wiſe,
Howe'er it might ſeem in HUMANITY's *Eyes.*

Yes, yes, my *dear* SHENKIN, there once was a time,
I ingratitude held a deteſtable crime;
When I ſaw the diſtreſs of a poor fellow-creature,
I us'd to give way to *the feelings of nature.*
But ſince I've convers'd with *political* HEROES,
Who are TITUSES often, *more frequently* NEROES,
I am fully convinc'd that in ev'ry condition,
We ſhould ſtudy *that only* which ſerves our AMBITION,
Or adds to our pleaſure; and hence I confeſs,
I look on the whole as a *conteſt at* CHESS.
When BURKE his game forward endeavours to bring,
LAW advances a *pawn*, and gives *check to his King*;
BURKE covers *his King*, PLOMER inſtantly ſees
An advantage—and, lo! EDMUND's *Queen* is *en priſe.*
BURKE rallies his men, and prepares for the fight,
DALLAS whiſpers a *move*, and BURKE loſes a *Knight.*

BURKE

BURKE ſpeaks in a circle, it proves of no uſe,
It ſuggeſts the idea of *playing at gooſe.*
And hence inexhauſtible pleaſure I find,
Whilſt a thouſand compariſons riſe in my mind.

You ſpeak of *my chief*, as of BRESLAW and JONAS,
Or a *ſtrange Patentee*, and his graſping a *Bonus.*
You talk of expences, whereby it appears
The report of *new taxes*, has work'd on your fears:
But tell me what room there can be for complaining,
When the cauſe of expences is ſo entertaining;
And tho' *my dear* SHENKIN ſhould never partake,
He ne'er ſhould begrudge, for his *relative's ſake.*

To conclude—With your numbers I really am ſmit-
ten,
But like not the ſpirit in which they were written,
In *Letter the Firſt*, you accuſe me of trying,
To impoſe on the weak with fantaſtical lying;
In *the Second*, your feelings, for HASTINGS diſtreſt,
And your dread with *new taxes* of being oppreſt,
Have giv'n too ſerious a turn to your letter,
So write not again till your humour is better.

July 13th, 1789.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

SO LITTLE, *dear Brother*, of late has been done,
That I'm forc'd to consolidate, *three days in one*;
For *their* LORDSHIPS whenever BURKE sends them away
To their Chamber of Parliament, commonly stay,
And put off the trial to some other day.
The respect due to place, the spectator forgets,
And *the* HALL is a room for *the laying of bets.*
BURKE rises to speak—and they cry—" *The* SUBLIME
" Shall run for ten guineas, a race against time."
BURKE offers some papers with arguments long,
They propose, " ten to one that the orator's wrong."
To consider a question *their* LORDSHIPS adjourn,
They lay " five to three that they do not return."
To proceed—On last Thursday *their* LORDSHIPS agreed,
That GORING's *Epistle* the Clerk must not read.
Great EDMUND arose—but what's somewhat surprising,
He did not burst forth in a passion at rising;
He requested the Clerk might read over some papers,
Which are always so dull that they give me the vapours.
At last to some readings *the* COUNSEL objected,
And off went *the* LORDS, as the audience expected,

And

And did, as they frequently have done before,
Remain in their hole, for we saw them no more.
When EDMUND proposes, and COUNSEL object,
On the Court it produces, *the self-same effect*,
As the bark of a dog, that some dwelling inhabits,
Or happens to stray *near a* WARREN *of rabbits*.
On Tuesday they met, and *the* CHANCELLOR said,
That the papers disputed, might fitly be read:
The papers were read, and they went to evince,
That there is a distinction, *'twixt Nabob and Prince*.
Now EDMUND search'd into the cause, and inquir'd,
Why HASTINGS "the Begum" so vastly admir'd;
"*My* LORDS, with the *Bheagum* the criminal had,
"A connection corrupt, and I beg leave to add,
"That FRANCIS, my friend, did much benefit mean 'em,
"When he labor'd to break the connection between 'em,
"But in vain he exerted his pious endeavour,
"The connection continued as wicked as ever."
Some Ladies who heard of this shocking connection,
Were unable to smother the signs of affection;
A connection of sexes they thought was a crime,
Dependent on *place*, *situation*, and *time*;
And they said BURKE was dead to the feelings of shame,
When he gave to connection, so *filthy a name*.
BURKE continued—There's nothing can ever persuade
Any person to think "he would stick to the jade,
"Were it not for their wicked corruptible trade:"

"For,

" For, *my* LORDS, he not only ſupported her ſtation,
" In ſpite of her tricks and her mal-adminiſtration,"
But without any grounds, or the ſmalleſt pretenſion,
He adviſed the Directors to grant her a penſion.
Of a penſion, *my* LORDS, ſhe was never in need,
And if it's diſputed, I'll prove it indeed!
Here *the* COUNSEL put in—BURKE proceeded to ſtate,
That the Begum's reſources were many and great.
With caution *their* LORDSHIPS, he kindly admoniſh'd,
That they muſt unavoidably all be aſtoniſh'd,
Whenever he ſtated the Lady's recourſes,
From which ſhe obtain'd never-failing reſources.
He ſaid—"She, whom HASTINGS has publicly painted,
" As a Lady whoſe character never was tainted,
" And whoſe manifold virtues deſerv'd to be ſainted,
" Permit me to mention, my LORDS, is the ſame
" Who I told you from *dancing* deriv'd all her fame,
" Whom *the* NABOB maintain'd, as a *Laſs of the game.*
" If you hear of this woman and ſome occupation,
" You wou'd think it were ſomething becoming her
" ſtation;
" Not ſo:—for this dame ſo untainted with ſin,
" *My* LORDS, kept a ſhop for the ſelling of *gin*;
" There was not in ASIA, I boldly aver,
" Any dealer in ſpiritsſu perior to her;
" Perhaps by the doctrine which Mahomet taught,
" *That women want ſouls*—ſhe moſt happily thought,
" The

" The best way to compensate for Nature's defects,
" Was with *plenty of spirits* to furnish the sex."
This *double entendre* created some fun,
But *your* CRITICS declar'd, 'twas a pitiful pun;
And some who had read the Alcoran explain'd,
That the *Musselman faith*, no such doctrine contain'd.
But whether my Hero's assertion be true,
Or not, matters little to ME or to YOU.

Now EDMUND determines again upon boring,
The COURT with his questions, intended for GORING,
And by way of encomium, or character puffing,
He adds the appellative—HASTINGS's *Ruffian!*
Which is, that on HASTINGS he was not dependent,
And thence a good witness against the defendant.
In a few minutes after, *their* LORDSHIPS adjourn'd,
The COURT was dissolv'd, and the audience return'd.
But before I proceed to describe the last day,
There was something escap'd me which now I will say:
It seems, that *the* CHANCELLOR made some remark,
On the keen, eager grasp of my eloquent spark,
(Who was urging his papers on some slight pretence)
And created a laugh at *great* EDMUND's expence;
His feelings long callous, now sensibly stung,
At once put a stop to his garrulous tongue.

Aghast

Aghaſt EDMUND ſtood, *o'erwhelm'd with confuſion,*
Whilſt away went *antitheſis, trope,* and *alluſion.*
Then wither'd the flowers, the figure all fled,
Nor was there a metaphor left in his head.
To return—on laſt Wedneſday I went to *the* COURT,
Tho' I can't ſay with much expectation of ſport;
For ANSTRUTHER intended to ſpeak, it was ſaid,
Whoſe ſpeech is as dull, tho' leſs weighty than *lead.*
But whether *their* LORDSHIPS had reaſon to fear him,
Or, like me, had no great inclination to hear him;
Or whether they acted from ſome other reaſon,
They ended *the* TRIAL, at leaſt for this ſeaſon.

But now, *dear* SIMON, let me reſt awhile,
Collect my thoughts, and *drop the looſer ſtile.*
He, who in public never ſpoke before,
Who with *abuſe* has been INSULTED more
For years, than ever human patience bore—
Aroſe, and thus began——

Mr. HASTINGS's SPEECH *in Weſtminſter Hall, Wedneſday, 9th July.*

" Illuſtrious Peers!—*tho' ſtrongeſt words be faint,*
" At once *the torture of whole years to paint,*
" *Aw'd (as whom wou'd not ſo much State o'erwhelm?)*
" *By all the* worth *and* wiſdom *of the* REALM,

" *Your*

" *Your much-wrong'd Suppliant—O indulge the pause !*
" *Craves* one attentive moment *to his cause.*
—" Already *wire-drawn forms of fram'd delay,*
" *Have wasted* two sad suff'ring years *away :*
" *Faults* yet unprov'd—scarce outlin'd—e'er I plead—
" *Have reap'd* already *guilt's severest meed.*
" Unclos'd *yet lingers—swoln with comments large,*
" The twentieth item of the twentieth charge.
" TWENTY WHOLE CHARGES *stretch'd in endless line,*
" *No life can reach—much less a life like* mine :
" *While judgement's rod,* usurping hands *assume,*
" Fore-stall *conviction, and* pre-act the doom.

" *Oh ! had the varied annals of mankind,*
" *Brought* one eternal TRIAL *to my mind,*
" That case, *terrific omen of suspense,*
" *Had quash'd all plea ! defeated all defence !*
" *Bade me my hopes on* instant sentence *place,*
" *And grasp at* condemnation, as a GRACE.

" *O yet, nor arrogant be deem'd the pray'r,*
" Yet *a few parting, precious minutes spare :*
" *By* one short Session *years of anguish save,*
" Nor fix IMPEACHMENT on me to the grave !
" *Clear but my fame,* than dearest life more dear,
" (—*And* that *triumphant* TRUTH *at length* must *clear,*
" Clear but my fame, *and close the process here !*

 —*Yes*

—" *Yes*—close it here !—*its* present *merits try !*
" I wave all PROOF—all witness—all reply.
" Sure in my fame, *whate'er accusers say,*
" Be their's all else to give, or take away !"

Here HASTINGS ended, and a *general sigh,*
Disclos'd the feelings of the standers by,
The drooping head, the downcast look express'd,
The strong emotions felt in ev'ry breast.
Through the *whole audience* soft compassion ran,
All pray'd deliv'rance, to the *suff'ring man.*
E'en BURKE himself, with heart more hard than steel,
Was struck—was over-aw'd—was *forc'd to feel.*
Hear then, *my* SIMON, and my *Cambrian friends,*
For some few months our correspondence ends.
But if (which HEAVEN forbid !) the LORDS prolong
The TRIAL—BURKE again shall shine in song.

July 10th, 1789.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

SIMON IN WALES,

TO HIS

BROTHER SIMPKIN IN LONDON.

DEAR SIMPKIN, with ſorrow, with heartfelt concern,
Your friends—your acquaintance—your relatives learn,
That the mirth of their meetings muſt now be diminiſh'd,
As HASTINGS's cauſe for this Seſſion is finiſh'd:
But whilſt this misfortune, your friends were condoling,
Came a letter from SCOTT that was rather conſoling;
He ſays, that when BURKE's *allegations were counted,*
By one of his Friends, the ſum total amounted,
To more than two thouſand, by which it appears,
That the trial might laſt, for *at leaſt fifty years.*
This pleaſing intelligence fill'd us with hope,
That your hero will long have, *unlimited ſcope,*
From whoſe fancy more rich than the Taffyland *Mountains,*
Shall iſſue forth ſweet inexhauſtible, fountains:

So whilst EDMUND in town the spectator regales,
SIM. shall sing to his dear principality, *Wales.*

You may tell Major SCOTT, he excites our displeasure,
By his stingy remarks on BURKE's *spending the Treasure*:
We are highly offended to hear him *complaining*,
Of *expence*, when the subject is so *entertaining*;
And sooner than narrow the Orator's bounds,
We would yield to a tax, upon *Pointers aud Hounds*;
Nay, though it confine us to *Batchelor's lives*,
We had rather see PITT *lay a tax upon Wives*:
But supposing, indeed, the solicitors bills,
Should exceed all the rest of our national ills,
If the public shou'd deem it a hardship to pay 'em,
Let the tickets be sold, that wou'd help to defray him!
Their privilege ancient, the LORDS might forego,
And the audience might pay, for their *seats at the shew*.
Their LORDSHIPS so many advantages get,
They may part with this one, without any regret.

I hope, I may say without giving offence,
That whenever SCOTT talks of *impeachment expence*,
He shows himself wanting in *judgement*, and *sense*.
In one of his letters, this gentleman hinted,
An idea of having BURKE's *Counsellors stinted*:

For Councellors, he no neceſſity ſaw,
As *three of the Managers, are of the Law.*
But to EDMUND's ſucceſs, had the MAJOR adverted,
A thought ſo abſurd, he had never aſſerted:
For tho' BURKE's *legal Phalanx*, in number is ſtrong,
Their attempts and opinions, were *conſtantly wrong*,
And in whatever quarter they made their attack,
They were always *repuls'd, and beat ſhamefully back.*
After what I have ſaid, need I farther inſiſt,
On the folly of *cutting the Counſellor's Liſt*;
Nay, I think that the COMMONS ſhou'd *ſtrengthen the corps*,
By adding at leaſt *twenty Counſellors more.*
And this is th' opinion of JOHNSTONE (*Sir* JAMES)
Who in national cauſes, *œconomy blames.*
The generous BARONET gave his conſent,
That a *million or two* ſhou'd on HASTINGS *be ſpent.*
The queſtion occurs, which permit me to aſk,
Have not HASTINGS's counſel a difficult taſk?
But tell me how is it, three SPARTANS contrive,
To *fight Managers twenty*, and *Counſellors five.*
Beſides all their friends in the *rear of the lines*,
Such as *Painters, Hiſtorians*, and *able Divines.*

There is one thing, my SIMPKIN, which if it be true,
I am ſorry to ſay, *it reflects upon you*,

The

The remarks you once made on the conduct of PARR,
That *Pedagogue drove, from the Weſtminſter Bar*;
And the MANAGERS robb'd of that *ſpiritual light*,
Which illumin'd their darkneſs, and guided them right.
Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS was alſo perplext,
Leſt he ſhou'd appear, in *Epiſtle the next*;
And GIBBON their worthy *hiſtorical friend*,
Thought it *rather unſafe*, in *their box to attend*;
Hiſtorians, and *Painters*, *Divines* are afraid,
To put in their *mite*, to the MANAGERS *aid*:
All this we have heard, and to you they impute it,
But I truſt that my Brother with eaſe can refute it.
There is ſomething remaining I almoſt forgot,
Which I have to alledge, 'gainſt the *conduct of* SCOTT.
IN a paſſion that Gentleman ſeems to be flying,
At EDMUND's attempt, to *convict him of lying*.
His opponent what right has the MAJOR to blame,
When himſelf *vice verſâ*, did lately the ſame,
In print and in ſpeech, he is always advancing,
That EDMUND is *guilty of wilful romancing*,
And tho' before BURKE, this and more was aſſerted,
His politeneſs was ſuch, *that he ne'er controverted*:
'Tis therefore ingratitude booriſh in SCOTT,
When BURKE ſays, YOU LYE, to declare I DO NOT.

But before this Epiſtle ſo querulous ends,
I requeſt in the name of *your Taffyland friends*,
You will now and then take up the pen to amuſe us,
As occaſions occur; nay, you muſt not refuſe us;
But if obligation ſtill greater you mean us,
Let us have your remarks upon PARR's BELLENDENUS.*

Aug. 1ſt, 1789.

* SIMPKIN will comply with this requeſt.

THE

THE NEW GUIDE TO EXAMINATIONS.

(First published in Westminster Hall.)

No. I.

DO you know—whether it was known—that ſuch a perſon knew?

Have you any idea, that ſuch a perſon ſuppoſed that the Defendant was acquainted with what they were informed of?

Can you recollect what is ſaid to be forgotten about the year 1770—and which, if you won't, we will prove?

What is the witneſs's idea of—the whole world?

Has the witneſs the ſmalleſt idea of a letter, which other people ſpeak of, and which is ſaid to be written in very ſtrong terms, about a tranſaction which is not there aſcertained?

Can the evidence declare, upon his oath, at what minute the Defendant ſat down to execute the writing, which he pretends not to have ſeen?

Is it conceived by the witneſs, that there is a poſſibility of ſuch a thing exiſting, in the ſmalleſt degree, of which he has a general knowledge, and of which we want a diſtinct account?

As the witneſs declares he never ſaw the perſon, what is his idea of their character?

The evidence has ſaid, "He thinks eleven people "thought ſo,"—upon his oath, can he ſay, they were not twelve?

Does the Gentleman call to mind, what was conjectured about the year eighty?

Upon the whole, does the witneſs gueſs at what was hinted in a certain tranſaction we allude to—and of which we wiſh to know ſomething—as a ground to proceed on?

No.

No. II.

HAS the witneſs a perfect recollection of all that happened—in the laſt century?

We wiſh to aſk the evidence, whether he knows the CHAM of TARTARY, and if ſo, whether he can aſcertain preciſely, and on his oath, at what hour he goes to dinner?

Is the witneſs acquainted with the EMPRESS of RUSSIA? Can he gives us a ſmall ſketch of her whole Hiſtory?

When he was with the EMPRESS, did ſhe ſhew him any thing? And if ſo, will he deſcribe particularly what the thing was? Does the witneſs know, of his own poſitive knowledge, what DOCTOR FRANKLIN thought after the firſt ſhot was fired at *Lexington?* And then—what were the *ideas* of the man that was killed by that ſhot?

Does the witneſs like ſmoaking; and if ſo, will he favour us with his *Geographical notions* of a Pipe?

Has the evidence never heard of nothing that happened at no ſmall time paſt, and which nobody has

avowed;

avowed; but which muſt have been done by ſomebody, and therefore ſomebody muſt be anſwerable?

Did the witneſs ever ſee an *Hundred Thouſand Pounds* ſlipped through a ring into a Governor's hand; and if not, what does he think of BRESLAW?

If the witneſs never received a Letter by the Poſt, does he not conceive it probable that he might receive one by a Balloon? And if not, does not he believe it poſſible that a Letter might be ſent—in a way that cannot be diſcovered?

Does the witneſs know the delicacy of the EASTERN LADIES? And if ſo, did he ever keep a Seraglio according to his MAMMA's *wiſhes*?

Can the witneſs ſay, upon his oath, that is, according to his fancy—that he never had any dealings in *Opium*? And if ſo, has he never been in WESTMINSTER HALL?

No. III.

As the Witneſs ſtates, he knows no part whatever of a certain tranſaction, will he inform us if he is acquainted with any other tranſaction that may have happened in his own time, or that of his Grandfather—or the Grandfather of any other Perſon?

Can the Evidence ſay, upon his oath, that he is ſkilled in *Hiſtory*, *Phyſiognomy*, *Fireworks*, *Morality*, *Inflammable Air*,—in *Law*, *Faro*, and *Aſtronomy*? And if he heſitate—does he know the *Road* to NEWINGTON?

Does the Witneſs conceive, what a *Bow-Begum*, who may have loſt her intellects, may think about an abſtruſe tranſaction at *Botany Bay*? And if not, can he ſay, in point of fact, what SIR ISAAC NEWTON would have ſaid to Mrs. WELLS' *Imitations*?

As the Evidence has declared, that he never took 100,000l. unjuſtly, will he favour us with an account of all his private fortune? Has his Wife any jointure? Is ſhe a good Woman? What is his own opinion of her, and what think other Gentlemen on that ſubject?

In point of compoſition—what does the Evidence think of an Affidavit? And does he imagine, ſeriouſly

upon

upon his oath, that *Homer* ever made an Affidavit? And if ſo, what muſt be his opinion of a judge who receives one?

The Witneſs ſtates, "he has never been in *China*;"—We wiſh him, therefore, to give us an accurate account of that country.

Has the Evidence never heard of a celebrated Treatiſe on the Tea Trade, on Super-Cargoes, and *Piccolinis?* And if not, what Tea does he take in a morning, *Bohea, or Green?*

Can he ſay, that the NABOB of ARCOT thinks two thouſand Women a little too much? And if ſo, we deſire to know, whether he ever had a Mamma? Or whether the PRINCESS of OUDE now knows or has any conception, of what ſome people are doing?

As the witneſs has ſtated "that he is *himſelf* a diabo-"lical fellow, ready to ſay, or do any thing," and which we are very glad to hear—what does the witneſs think, with due reverence to *his Religion*, what does he think of—a *Character from* a REGISTER OFFICE?

As the Evidence declares that in his opinion a COMMANDER *of a Country* ought to be a *Great Man*, can he poſitively aſcertain the *preciſe height* of the GOVERNOR GENERAL?

We wiſh the witneſs to declare ſolemnly, upon his oath—how he does?

No.

No. IV.

CAN *the Witness* form any precise idea who will gain the great Prize in the next Lottery?

And if not, we wish him to declare upon his oath, how many Partridges he will kill the next season?

The Evidence has stated, that he has endeavoured to serve his Country to the best of his abilities; that he has injured his health in that service, that the emoluments he has received have been trifling; and that all his present wishes go to a rest from his labours. We now wish to ask him, what he thinks of *hanging*, for that purpose?

Does the Witness conceive it possible, that the EMPEROR of the MOON had any relations destroyed at the time of *the great Flood?* And if not, what will be as immediately in point—whether he shed any tears upon that occasion? Our reason for asking this question, is to elucidate more strongly, the manner in which *animals may be baited* in this country?

The Witness states, "That as circumstances have "happened long ago, he wishes *to refresh his memory.*"

We beg leave to aſk the Witneſs—whether that is the *refreſhment* he likes beſt?

The Evidence declares, "that as he has never been "in the country; that as he knows no part of the tranſ-"action, and has no acquaintance or knowledge of the "Defendant, he is not qualified to ſpeak upon the ſub-"ject." To this opinion we beg leave to ſignify our DISSENT—as ignorant, abominable, prevaricating, monſtrous, and wicked, and directly contrary to *our mode of proceeding*.

Does not the Witneſs think, that a Man of a *high caſt in* RELIGION being *hanged for* FORGERY, is a very extraordinary proceeding? Very injurious to the Judge, and ſomewhat diſgraceful to the Man himſelf?

No

No. V.

AND if the Witness thinks so, will he at his own expence prosecute the Judge who condemned another person of a *high cast in Religion*—DOCTOR DODD?

Can the Evidence remember a thing that was said by the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH's *Grand-father*, about *Lady Godolphin*, who was playing with the young EARL of SHAFTSBURY on a Lute that was made by *Floriani*, who resided at that time at No. 12, Long-acre, next door to *Pipkin*, the famous Saddler of those days, who always made Saddles for the *Godolphin Arabian* who won every thing—when he was not beaten by any other horse?

If the Witness will not answer these questions, we beg he may be made to do so; and if that cannot be done, we then beg leave most solemnly to know, what we must do ourselves.

MODEL *for a* SPEECH *of* ADDRESS.

"*Most Noble Court*,

"WE are really in a particular situation. We have "accused the Prisoner of *Rapine*, *Fraud*, *Plunder*, *Per-*

"*jury*,

"*jury*, FORGERY, and MURDER! But we cannot "get the Witneſſes to ſay a word of this, they know it "all, but "the Devil go with them," I ſpeak it ſo- "lemnly, they will not utter a ſyllable on theſe mat- "ters. O miſerable ſtate of Evidence! O infernal "Witneſſes! O double and trebly——!!!

"But we will not waſte time. We wiſh your aſſiſ- "tance, *Moſt Noble Court!* Yet have a care! If there "be among ye, who cannot conſtrue—'LEX ET CON- "SUETUDO PARLIAMENTI:' If there be a man—O "abominable ſtate of Blackneſs! If there be a man, "whoſe gown is nothing in point of colour—or as the "Iriſh Song has it, 'and KITTY cried—*look in my Face.*' "If there be any thing more—I mean—*more civil*, than "what we have ſaid; all that we can ſay, is, we cer- "tainly want to learn it.

"MOST NOBLE COURT—*we have done!*"

THE END.